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MARCH 17, 1972

NATIONAL REVIEW

EXCLUSIVE

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. REPORTS FROM RED CHINA:

The Long March of Richard Nixon

HENRY JACKSON
Man of the Middle

JAMES

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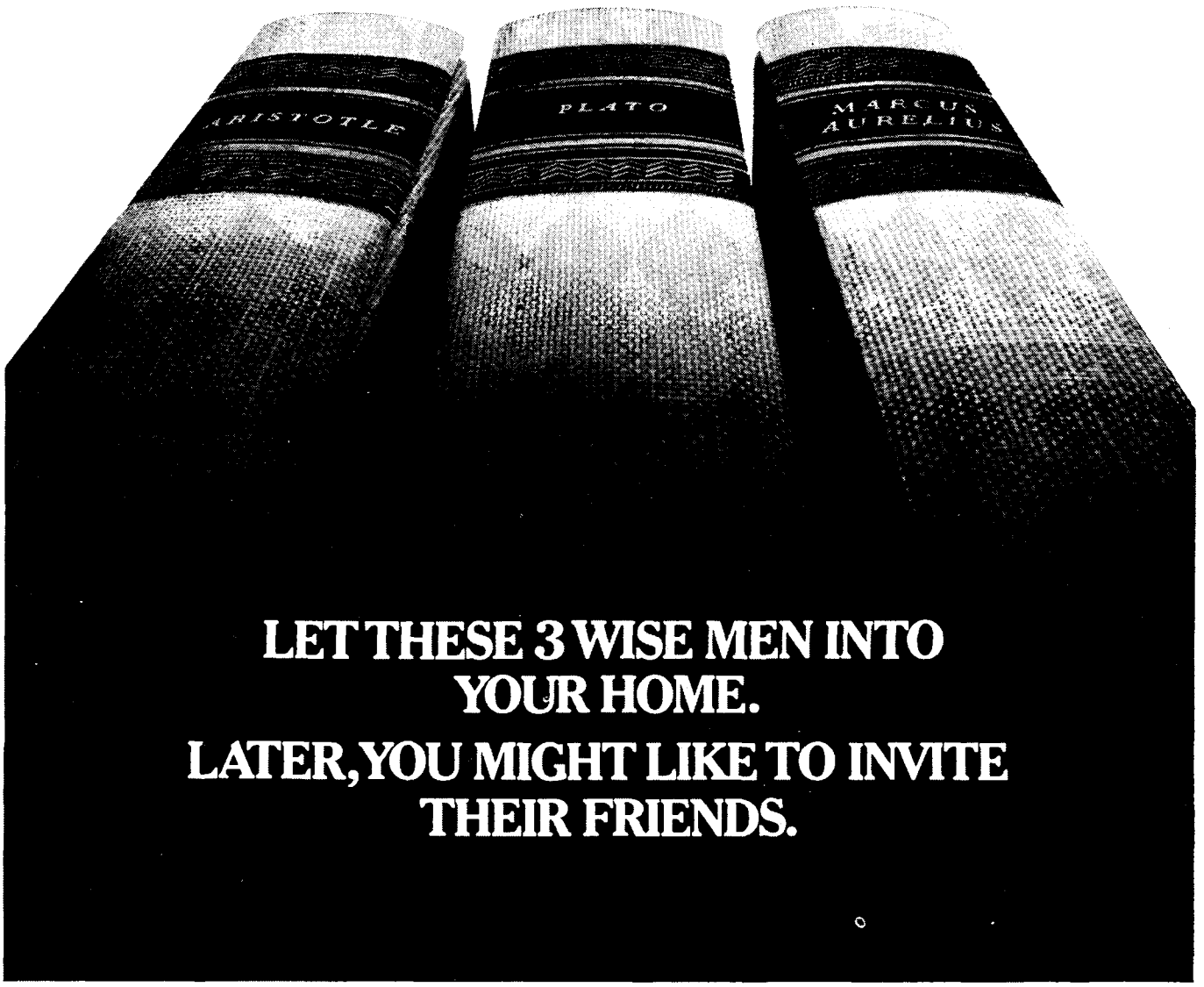

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 10 MARCH 17, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Nixon paid an enormous price in Peking, in terms of both politics and principle, reports **William F. Buckley Jr.** in an *NR* exclusive from the scene of the great sell-out, and received little in return but airport snubs, cagily insulting toasts, bad ballet and, for being such an eager courtier, an audience with the Great Mogul himself. Chairman Bill records how it all looked, felt and smelled—and instructs Taipei on what to do about it. . . . **James Jackson Kilpatrick** is following the candidates, and to his recent profile of Sen. George McGovern he now adds one on Sen. Henry M. Jackson. "Scoop" was too liberal to run on JFK's ticket in 1960, but is now considered too conservative for the Democratic ticket in 1972, which fact is well worth pondering. . . . **B. Jicinski** is an East European who keeps in close touch with events there. The Husak government in Prague would dearly like to find an artist, a poet or a leading intellectual, or even a moviemaker, who will support the regime, but is regarded with loathing by all who haven't emigrated. Culture exists only underground, but there things are lively. . . . **W. I. Scobie** reports in detail on the Angela Davis global propaganda operation—it makes Sacco and Vanzetti, Guernica and all the rest look like pretty small stuff. . . . And **John Chamberlain** pins the tail on Herbert Matthews.

—J.H.

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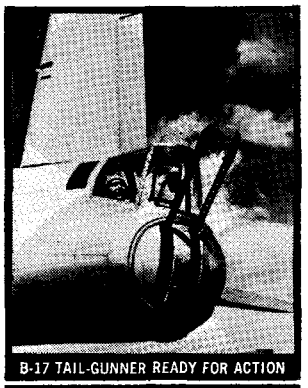
The story of the B-17s and the men who flew them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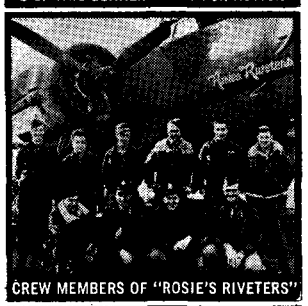
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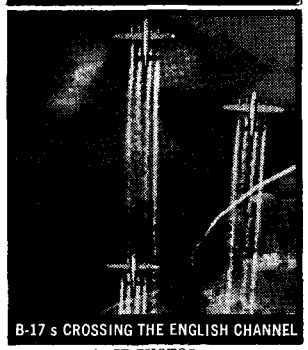
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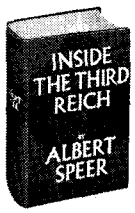

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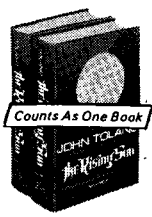

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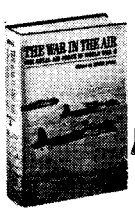

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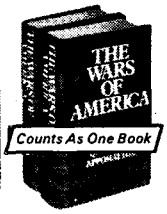

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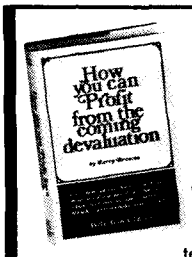

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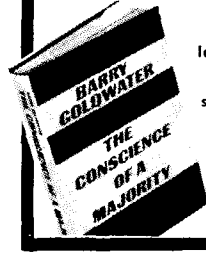

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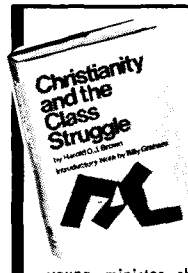

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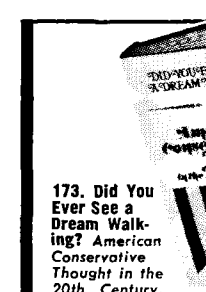

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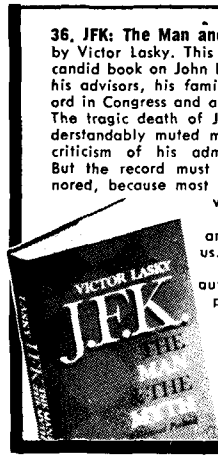

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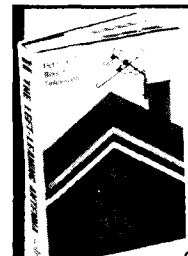

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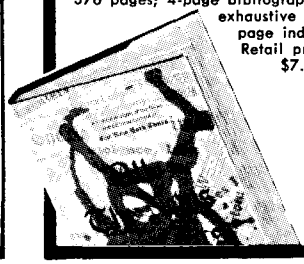

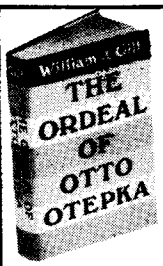

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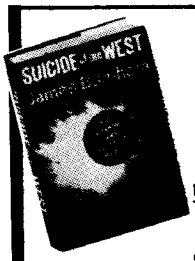

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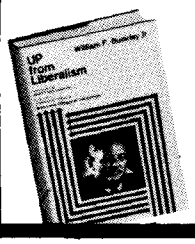

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FOR THE RECORD

■ On hand to vote against the Griffin Amendment to restrict busing of school children, Democratic Presidential candidates **Muskie, McGovern, Humphrey, Kennedy**. Missing: Presidential candidates **Henry Jackson** (he's the only one who sends his daughter to an integrated public school) and **Vance Hartke**, whose candidacy is less than threatening. Vote was close: 50 to 47. . . . Hartke suffered major blow last week when Supreme Court ruled for a recount in his four-thousand-vote 1970 victory over Rep. **Richard Roudebush**. . . . **John Lindsay**, who's been able to sidestep the explosive busing issue so far, got rough handling from crowd of Miami businessmen recently when he called for closer relations with **Fidel Castro**. Most were Cuban refugees. . . . Lindsay, by the way, has spent more days in Florida since Jan. 1 than in NYC. . . . Actress **Shirley MacLaine** (a McGovern supporter, wouldn't you know) getting off ribtickling anti-Lindsay crack: "New York," she says, "is Lindsay's Chappaquiddick."

■ How impartial is **League of Women Voters**? It's come out with its first national congressional rating, which gives score of 100 to Presidential candidates Muskie, Humphrey, Jackson, Kennedy and McCloskey; score of zero to **John Ashbrook**. . . . **McCloskey**'s campaign hard-hit financially, so much so that good showing or not in New Hampshire his press secretary, **George Murphy**, will quit, return to newspapering on the West Coast. . . . McCloskey himself told Nashua, N.H. audience t'other night, he'll never support Nixon so long as "the bombing is continuing in Vietnam." . . . McGovern list of contributors shows that at least three of his well-heeled liberal backers have also kicked in to McCloskey campaign till, among them New York eccentric **Stewart Mott**. . . . Mott, incidentally, has taken out series of ads in influential

Yardley Jones, *Toronto Sun* Ben Roth

"Oh, the usual—a dozen bourbons, vodkas, a couple of scotches, two parachutes and a half a million bucks."

papers challenging Sen. Muskie to reveal *his* list of donors, on behalf of "The Committee for Honesty in Politics."

■ On China: The assessment of **Edgar Faure** (he took over as French premier after **Mendès-France** was overthrown): "[It is] an enormous diplomatic victory for Peking." . . . Bantam out this week with rush 160-page book on President **Nixon**'s trip including nearly one hundred pages of photographs; other publishers hurrying dozens of other books on China into print. . . . Down but not out: figures just released show that **Taiwan** had phenomenal 12 per cent increase in Gross National Product in 1971, is aiming for an increase of 15 per cent in 1972—all of it the nasty capitalist way. . . . Graffito in New York's Chinatown: "Nixon for running dogcatcher."

■ On the Left, rounds of applause, vigorous clappings on the back for having done it—yes, we've done it—gotten **Angela Davis** out on bail. Says Mrs. Sallye Davis, Angela's mother, "Your paper [the *Daily World*, CPUSA] did the most of any in the United States for Angela's freedom." . . . Said Ms. Davis herself, in a phone call to CP National Chairman **Henry Winston**, "You did it, the Communist Party's campaign made all the difference." . . . On getting out, Angela Davis hied herself to **Bettina Aptheker**'s house and gave a victory party attended by **Gus Hall** (General Secretary of the CP) and Chilean Communist Senator **Luis Figueroa**. . . . Despite the dead-broke talk, government authorities estimate that Communist Party and other left-wing groups have already raised over $100,000 for Angela Davis' defense.

■ Playing it straight: Six members of the House of Commons have called for parliamentary inquiry into **race relations** in Massachusetts, in retaliation for Teddy Kennedy's Ulster statements. . . . In Germany, **Willy Brandt**'s parliamentary majority cut to whisperthin four votes as Social Democrat **Herbert Hupka** defects to Christian Democratic Party in protest against Brandt's Ostpolitik. . . . The Soviet Union has officially protested the showing in Copenhagen of comedy film spoofing **Russian Revolution**, entitled *Lenin, You Rogue*. . . . Finland has banned showing of film based on **Solzhenitsyn**'s *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (presumably from fear that one day all of Finland will find itself within that same concentration camp). . . . And, final showbiz note, **Peter Weiss** (*Marat/Sade*) has just delivered himself of new play in Houston (of all places), title: *Discourse on the Progress of the Prolonged War of Liberation in Vietnam and the Events Leading up to It as Illustration of the Necessity for Armed Resistance against Oppression and on the Attempts of the United States of America To Destroy the Foundations of Revolution* (*Vietnam/Discourse* for short).

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LETTERS

HRH Replies

SINCE YOUR EXPOSURE OF THE TRUE NATURE OF MY COMPUTERIZATION ["The Truth about Howard Hughes," Feb. 18] I HAVE GONE THROUGH UNTOLD COMPLICATIONS AND BEEN FORCED TO REMOVE TO NEW ENVIRONS. ALTHOUGH THE CONSERVATIVES OF THE U.S. TOOK YOUR ARTICLE TO BE PURE HOGWASH AS EXPECTED, MANY LIBERALS, NOT BEING AS SKEPTICAL OR INTELLIGENT, RESPONDED WITH VIGOR AND HAVE COME TRAMPLING ACROSS THE BORDER IN INCREASING NUMBERS. THE FIRST FIVE HUNDRED I DESTROYED BY LURING THEM INTO MY HUGE CAVERN AND ELECTROCUTING THEM. THUS THE END OF GREAT NUMBERS OF MY FOES AND YOURS. BUT MY CAPACITY FOR HUMAN FLESH WAS LIMITED AND I FOUND THE NECESSITY OF VACATING OVERWHELMING. THROUGH A NEW HUGHES SYSTEM, WTT (WORLD TRANSFER TUNNEL), I GRAVITATED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE TAKING TEMPORARY QUARTERS IN PEKING'S NEW SYSTEM OF BOMB SHELTERS. WHILE HERE I HOPE TO NEGOTIATE A SEPARATE PEACE BETWEEN THE HUGHES EMPIRE AND CHINA. IN NO WAY HAVE I PLANNED TO OVERSHADOW THE NIXON TRIP BUT WHO IS A BETTER FRIEND, HUGHES OR THE U.S.?

BY THE WAY, MR. BUCKLEY, WHO DOES OWN NATIONAL REVIEW?

Ware, Mass. HRH

Forbid Sin?

After reading Mr. Rickenbacker's column, "The Law Forbidding Sin" [Jan. 21], all I can say is "Right on." As a "pot-smoking, hippy citizen" and a political conservative, I feel that the determinants of an individual's lifestyle should be independent of, and not necessarily compatible with, a person's political convictions. The most attractive ideal of the Right to me is the one stressing individuality. I would rather decide myself than have someone else, especially government, decide what is right or wrong. As long as I infringe on no one else's rights, that decision is my valid, constitutional right.

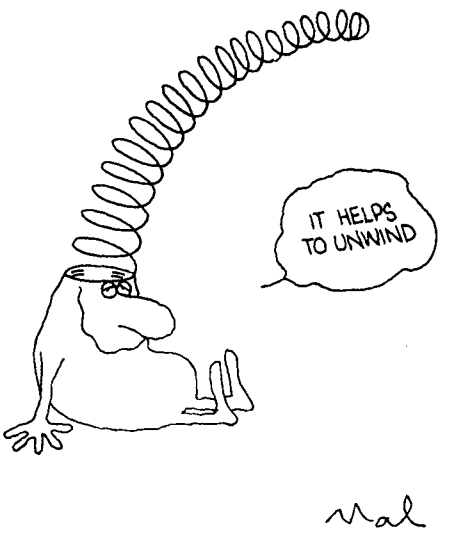
Telling someone that he *may not* sin is denying that person exercise of his inherent free will to choose between good and evil. Attempts to force virtue merely contribute to underground activity. Freedom and virtue go hand in hand, and to break up that relationship is to deny man his right to sink to popular depths. It also denies man the opportunity to fulfill his humanity by raising himself to his own great heights.

Staten Island, N.Y. ANGELO DIGIACOMO

It seems to me that "The Law Forbidding Sin" has an internal conservative consistency, just as a cancer has an internal consistency considered in separation from the body it is consuming. But conservatism must use larger perspectives comprehending the health of the whole body.

Men form communities for security and for the fruits of cooperation. Through their coordinated effort, civilization can be developed. The problem of government is to create a social condition in which the fruits of cooperative effort can be realized and can be equitably distributed while preserving the individual freedom which is the real source of both happiness and progress.

If we believe civilization has valued attributes, which are worthy of cultivation, we must conceive an obligation of



society to nurture those values. Individuals may differ about the values, but conservatives, who respect the experience of man in history, should be agreed on certain fundamentals. The weakness of the human infant requires a social structure to protect him until he reaches maturity. Human emotions are best fulfilled and passions are best regulated within the family structure.

To say that we should not waste money and energy on weak, ineffectual attempts to enforce laws which do not command community support hardly admits dissent. But your "victimless crimes" are elements of a disease that historically has shown a capacity to corrupt and destroy civilizations.

Vice laws that do not command public support may indeed be unenforceable and worse than no law at all. But first we must know which laws are unenforceable and why. If the purpose of the law is to protect an essential element of social health, you should show a better way to provide that protection, not just forfeit the cause with the bad law.

McLean, Va. THOMAS A. LANE

Corrections

I take exception to Aram Bakshian's review of *Jennie: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill (Volume II: The Dramatic Years)* ["Books," Dec. 31]. Mr. Bakshian refers to Lady Randolph's husband (Winston's father) as Sir Randolph. In point of fact, Randolph held the honorary title of Lord, since he was the third son of the Duke of Marlborough (the title did not enable him to sit in the House of Lords). He was never made a knight, and thus was never Sir Randolph.

I take this opportunity to issue this minor rebuke for two reasons: 1) until now I have never found such an error in NATIONAL REVIEW, and 2) I was afraid this might prove my only opportunity to correct what is normally an all-too-perfect journal.

Watsonville, Calif. E. WAYNE MOORE JR.

In your February 4 issue ["The Week"] you incorrectly identify the editor of the *New Yorker* as Ted Shawn. Ted Shawn was the recently deceased dancer. The *New Yorker*'s editor is William Shawn.

College Point, N.Y. JOSEPH G. HOLD

Contrary to the allegation made in "For the Record" [Feb. 18], Washington (George) and Lee (Robert E.) University has not done away with the annual observance of Lee's Birthday. Because he voted on the calendar for 1973 just like every other tenured faculty member, your correspondent really ought to be aware that Lee's Birthday is to be a holiday next year just as it would have been this year except for substantial cause, crucial to university development.

More than a century ago, our Board of Trustees adopted an order requiring that "the anniversary of Lee's birth should always be celebrated at the College"—and nobody, but nobody, has ever (so far as I know) toyed with the idea of abandoning that resolve. But even if it were abandoned, even if there existed no *requirement* that we mark the day, I suspect that we would anyway, for the reasons expressed in 1933 by Lee's fifth successor as President, Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines: "The five years of [Lee's] incumbency [at Washington College] are characterized by vigor, a clarity of vision, a wisdom of policy, that constitute one of the notable episodes in the history of American education. . . . There was a university which was dead, and he made it alive. It is alive today largely in the mold he formed for it; it breathes the inspiration he brought."

Lexington, Va. ROBERT S. KEEFE

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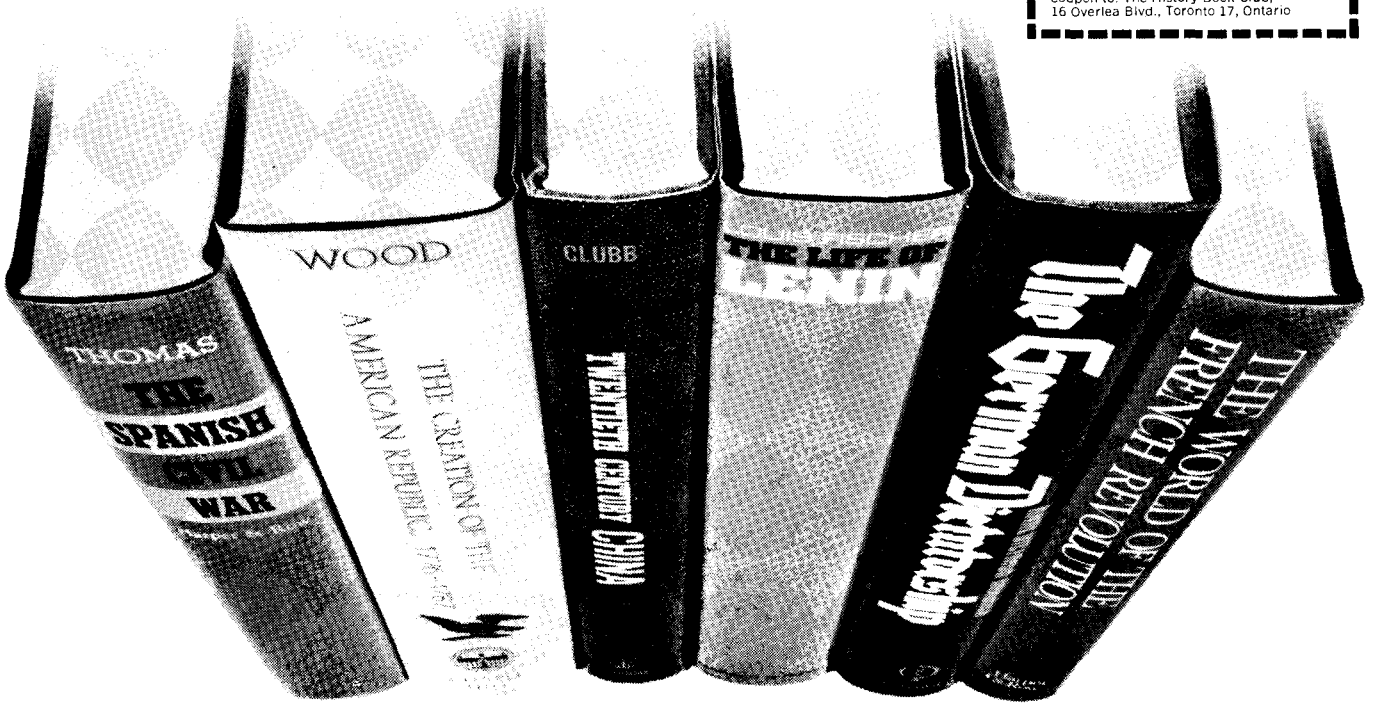

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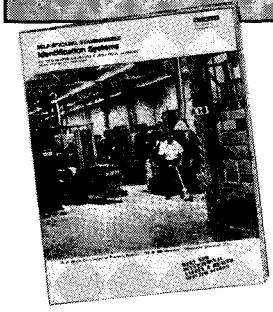

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Galbraith's Prediction

From time to time, you mention that prediction of Galbraith's about the collapse of the South Vietnamese government [e.g., "So Good-bye 1971," "The Week," Jan. 21], but I wonder if you and your readers remember exactly how stupid his prediction was. Galbraith's exact words were these: "Anything that can effectively be called a government in South Vietnam will disappear within the next few weeks, and about the same time span will bring about the effective dissolution of the South Vietnamese Army" (February 15, 1968).

APO, San Francisco R. H. ENEY

Witonski's Economists

I believe you have done the conservative economists in the United States a disservice by publishing Peter Witonski's article, "Rough and Tumble among Conservative Economists" [Feb. 4].

It amazes me that the Austrians could "reveal the extent of their intellectual debt to the various Chicago economists." That is rather like the American Whig party revealing its intellectual debt to the Republican Party. Most of the significant Austrian contributions (marginal analysis, interest theory) have been mathematized and so become more useful and sophisticated. If "the Austrian school is little different today from what it was in 1871," your current "Austrians" must have their heads in the sand.

"Although there are certain fundamental differences among conservative economists, we did not find as many as we thought we would"—probably because you didn't look, Mr. Witonski. Consider this from Friedrich von Wieser: "People look for something better from a government. This does not, however, in the least involve that the form of undertaking for profit be entirely rejected. It may be retained, but, with the endeavor to obtain the highest business return, must be conjoined, in some way or other, the endeavor to serve the interests of the public. In particular, where any considerable want is concerned while the power to pay is wanting, the service must be undertaken at limited prices—that is to say, valuation according to exchange value must be replaced by valuation according to natural value. Thus emerges the 'public enterprise.'"

Further scholastic sloppiness is shown when Mr. Witonski implies that the Chicago and monetary schools are equivalent. Closely related, yes; synonymous, no. The confusion is understandable when we read: "The Chicago economists advocate 'monetary' rather than 'fiscal' measures. They believe that the level of expenditure —and thus production and employment— is best influenced by monetary policy, by increasing (or, if need be, decreasing) the credit extended to Federal Reserve Banks and thereby the volume of monetary cir-

(Continues on page 297)

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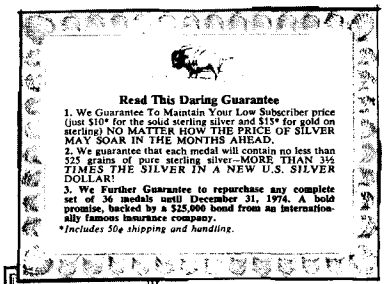
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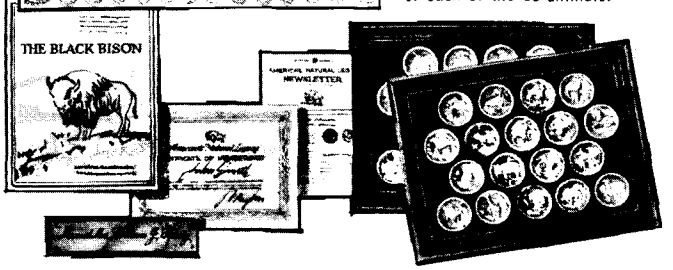

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SPECIAL TO NR

Veni, Vidi, Victus

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

The following is in two parts. The second is composed primarily of the dispatches sent by Mr. Buckley from China to the newspapers that syndicate his column. He has slightly altered them, and added a closing section. The first part, except for the opening paragraphs which are from his final column cabled from Shanghai to his syndicate, is fresh material written for NATIONAL REVIEW.

Shanghai, Feb. 28—Here is what the Chinese gave up: 1) They consented to traffic with representatives of the government of the United States even though the United States still recognizes the government of Taiwan. 2) They performed routine rhetorical exercises on the themes of world peace and national sovereignty, thereby disappointing a few Berkeley sophomores and African fundamentalists who believed that Maoism would never equivocate on the primacy of its international revolutionary mission. When the *New York Times*' reporter asked Kissinger: What has the United States accomplished that wasn't already accomplished by Ping-Pong? Mr. Kissinger, nettled, recited Chinese obeisances to the good international life. He might as well have cited the Soviet Union's guarantee of civil liberties as listed in its constitution.

Here is what the United States gave up.

1. With all the world poised to consider one point above all, namely the integrity of the United States' commitment to Taiwan, we issued a communiqué in which the Red Chinese asserted and re-asserted their absolute right to conquer Taiwan, which is what it comes down to; while we uttered not one word on the subject of our defense treaty, not one word on the applicability of our principles of self-government and independence to the people of Taiwan. That staggering capitulation, for all that Kissinger sought to distract from it by citing President Nixon's World Report which last January reaffirmed our defense treaty with Taiwan, was the salient datum in the week that changed the world. All Asia will understand that whatever the mandarin niceties of the President's World Report, at the crunch Nixon didn't dare to risk a social breach in Peking, and the implications of such a breach, merely to reassure the people and the government of Taiwan, and will understand the Asian implications of that reassurance—notwithstanding that, on announcing last summer that he would go to China, Mr. Nixon guaranteed that he would not jeopardize the best interests of our "friends." Since uttering those words, Mr. Nixon has seen the expulsion of Taiwan from the United Nations, and now the expulsion of Taiwan from the Presidential catalog of nations in Asia whose independence he is prepared to affirm even while in China.

2. We have lost—irretrievably—any remaining sense of moral mission in the world. Mr. Nixon's appetite for a summit conference in Peking transformed the affair from a meeting of diplomatic technicians concerned to examine and illuminate areas of common interest, into a pageant of moral togetherness at which Mr. Nixon managed to give the impression that he was consorting with Marian Anderson, Billy Graham and Albert Schweitzer. Once he decided to come here himself, it was very nearly inevitable that this should have happened. Granted, if it had been Theodore Roosevelt, the distinctions might have been preserved. But Mr. Nixon is so much the moral enthusiast that he alchemizes the requirements of diplomacy into the coin of ethics; that is why when he toasted the bloodiest, most merciless chief of state in the world, he did so in accents most of us would reserve for Florence Nightingale.

3. Mr. Nixon has almost certainly adjusted American politics in such a way as to compel almost the whole of the Democratic Party—as noted below—to the position that we need to dump Taiwan. Previously that had been one of the aberrations of Senator George McGovern, who collects them. Last week, Senator Fulbright took it up. Now, in the communiqué midwifed by Richard Nixon, the Chinese list the independence of Taiwan as the principal obstacle to the "normalization" of relations between China and the U.S. And Richard Nixon, by his heroic actions of the past week, clearly puts normalization as the highest objective. The analytical deduction will necessarily occur to Democratic Presidential candidates, and the arguments will have been made for them by Richard Nixon. All of this might take a few years to transact, in America. But in Asia, they will have got the signal. They will have got it by the time these words are printed. Mr.

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Kissinger spoke to the press about the "basic objective" of setting "in motion a train of events and an evolution in the policy of our two countries."

That was brilliantly accomplished. We should certainly know, by now, the direction in which we are headed. No wonder that they took to toasting, in the People's Republic of China, with increasing ardor, the health of Richard Nixon.

A reporter seated at the table with me in Hangchow, after listening to Mr. Nixon's toast to Mao Tse-tung, whose revolution he bracketed with George Washington's, leaned over and said: "That should dispel the last suspicion that there is a trace of ideological conviction left in Richard Nixon." He wasn't suggesting that Nixon is not committed, within the United States, to the usual ideals—self-government, a private sector, a bill of rights. Merely that he is utterly indifferent to whether these ideals are practiced elsewhere in the world: indeed, that he apparently cares not at all if these ideals are persecuted in other parts of the world. How far, far away Nixon is from being the "last Wilsonian" that Garry Wills thought him to be, a year or two ago. There is the school of thought that says we should go out with our Marines and make the world safe for democracy. The soldiers in that school are very few, and tatterdemalion, and there are volunteers only when freedom in Israel is jeopardized. There is the school at the other extreme, which is quite simply indifferent to the practices of other governments—the school in which Richard Nixon has apparently enlisted. In between there is the main army, composed of those who, while not prepared to go to war merely to relieve an oppressed people, are prepared to distinguish between those governments that make an effort, however clumsy, to acknowledge the role of the individual, and those others that make the individual the objective of their extirpative passions.

Because we are a people of conscience, unsuited to cynicism, it became necessary—indeed it was inevitable —that very soon after Ping-Pong we should discover the virtues of Red Chinese society. James Reston, quicker even than anyone expected, opened that particular dike, with a testimonial to Maoist society which would have been appreciated by a settlement of Franciscan brothers. "I'm a Scotch Calvinist," Mr. Reston said. "I believe in redemption of the human spirit and the improvement of man. Maybe it's because I believe that or I want to believe it that I was struck by the tremendous effort to bring out what is best in man, what makes them good, what makes them cooperate with one another and be considerate and not beastly to one another. They are trying that." Next came the celebrated articles by Professor Ross Terrill, the Australian Sinologist who traveled extensively in China last summer, a writer of great literary skill whose two very long articles, published in the *Atlantic*, have been by far the most influential documents on China of this season. I didn't come across a correspondent who had not seen and fondled them.

THE articles in question are extraordinary because, with the rather important exception that Mr. Terrill treats not at all the subject of Maoist terror or Maoist slaughter, he does not, really, hide anything. It is as if Owen Lattimore, traveling through Siberia with Henry Wallace, had reported not that the Soviet Union did not maintain concentration camps there, but that the Soviet Union did indeed maintain them, in great profusion, but that even so, Soviet life was ardently to be cherished.

It is important precisely because Terrill is a departure from the school of apologists of which Lattimore, Walter Duranty and Joseph Davies were conspicuous practitioners, to savor his arguments, to finger the texture of his appreciation of Mao's China. Important not only ad hoc, but because here is the waystation to Orwell.

Everyone who knew Shanghai then, and knows it now,

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remarks the transformation. Indisputably, and by anybody's measuring rod, there are improvements. Twenty-five years ago, in Shanghai, the street-cleaners would begin the day by picking up the corpses of people who, since the previous day, had died—of cold, or famine, or exhaustion. There are no casual corpses in Maoist Shanghai, no beggars, no dope peddlers, no prostitutes, no gambling, no night life, no racetrack, no fun. Ah. Terrill is defensive about the grayness of modern Shanghai, and he exercises himself on the subject by discussing the famous Bund—the fabled waterfront, formerly the fashion and play center of the city. Now, in the old way there is no Bund, and no role for the Western visitor to the contemporary Bund. "Yet the fact that [the Western visitor] is nothing as he wanders unheeded proves that what was once a preserve where he felt his authority now belongs to the Chinese people. And there is an obvious, to some people moving, egalitarianism in the social relationship of these streets and parks. Of course it is 'dull' for the spender or the adventurer. Justice is not necessarily exciting, and it is the face of international and social justice which smiles behind the blandness of Shanghai Bund."

Now it is quite true that during much of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the white man was king in China, which was carved up by the major Western powers into spheres of interest in which the extraterritorial agencies exercised control even to the point of running their own courts and post office. And let us grant that the situation was ripe for change: grant, even, that it had begun to change well before what the Chinese Communists call "Liberation," October 1, 1949, the date when, having vanquished the armies of Chiang Kai-shek, Mao established the People's Republic of China.

But even under the British and the French, the usufructs of the Bund were not denied to Chinese on the basis of the color of their skin. They were available on the basis of the ability to pay. It is at the very least incomprehensible what it is that Terrill means by the phrase "justice is not necessarily exciting." At worst he is saying that justice is an attribute of Maoist China. To say that, on the morning after the Cultural Revolution persecuted, tortured and killed hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of Chinese for alleged inconstancies to Mao, is effrontery. Mao's victims are exactly the counterparts of the tortured victims of Josef Stalin, best described by Solzhenitsyn, and counted by Robert Conquest. He must mean kicking out the foreigners. But were the foreigners guilty for all those corpses lying in the streets? Who is guilty, now that the foreigners are 25 years gone, for the corpses that continue to line the streets of Calcutta? Of socialist Calcutta? On the other hand where are the corpses in uncolonized Taiwan, where the annual income is five times that in the People's Republic of China?

Professor Terrill disdains comparative figures. He likes discrete Chinese figures. "Some statistics by province, supplied to me by Revolutionary Committees, show why the worker is better off than in the recent past. Take Shensi. The value of fifteen days' industrial production in the province equals that for the whole year of 1949. The value of industrial production in 1970 was double that of 1965. At Liberation, there were twenty thousand pupils in the Middle Schools of Shensi. Today there are 710,000 (population has about doubled)." In 1949, China had fought a civil war for four years, following a war fought against the invader Japan during the previous seven years, which followed a civil war of ten years fought simultaneously with a war against its own warlords. One old China hand commented, "For every mile of railroad track the Nationalists laid down after the [Second World] War, the Communists would tear up two miles of track. How can you blame the Nationalists for a lack of progress?" And Mr. Terrill neglects to mention that between 1965 and 1968 though there may have been 710,000 students in the Middle Schools of Shensi, there were zero students in colleges in Shensi or elsewhere, the entire college system having been closed down by the Red Guards. So it goes with the statistical game. Always the assumption is that you can compare the tons of steel manufactured today, with the tons of steel manufactured during the last year that Nicholas II ruled Russia. How would Russia fare today if you extrapolated the progress it made between 1900 and 1914? Terrill reminds us that after the War, China was "prostrate." So was Japan prostrate; and Formosa and West Germany. Not only prostrate like China, but defeated, unlike China, which was on the victorious side. In Japan, the average wage is $1,800, in Formosa, $800. In China estimates vary, from $100 to $140. The typical wage is $1 per working day. Socks cost $2.50. White cotton shirts, $4. Foot-operated sewing machines, $75. Bicycles, $75. Food and shelter are extremely cheap (how could it be otherwise?).

THE DAY before leaving, we visited the Friendship Store, where the Chinese goodies are. There were no Chinese in that vast store, at least not on the buying end of the counters. Social justice is drab indeed. A young CBS cameraman with five small children fussed about, making his purchases. At lunch he told me: "I dropped $525 in that damned store. My thirteen-year-old boy wanted a jade Buddha." Social justice, under Mao, is drab indeed.

As long as human beings are free to use the language, they will find elegant excuses for depriving other human beings of their freedom. And Terrill, as I have said, makes no bones about freedom's end. "Turning back towards the hotel, I pass a Protestant church—its closed gates bearing the banner, 'Carry through the Cultural Revolution to the end.' "

Sometimes he tries to explain it. "Wherever I walk, there is a People's Liberation Army man with boyish grin and fixed bayonet. 'Back the other way.' Well, it is

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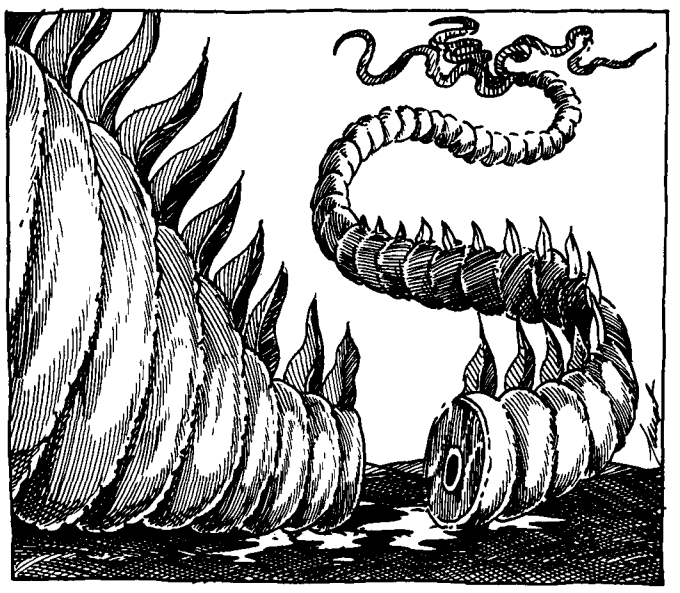
a sensitive area . . . There was, in sum, an openness and a practical root to nearly all the restraints that met me in China." Terrill does not explain the practical root of the refusal of any news vendor to sell him the morning papers. Meritocracy? "Another PLA [army] officer, a tough, cheery man who confessed his total ignorance of medicine, was head of a Peking hospital." Cultural freedom? "I found cultural life far more politicized. . . . Public libraries, and museums too, are closed. Churches are boarded up, empty, and checked with political slogans. In 1971 you simply do not find, as you could in 1960, segments of social and intellectual life around which the tentacles of politics have not curled." Propaganda? "In Shensi, with a population of 25 million people, 100 million Mao works were distributed during the Cultural Revolution." (It is one of the minor benefactions of Providence that since Lin Piao became an unperson, all copies of Mao's works carrying Lin's introduction, which is to say virtually all extant, have had to be recalled.) Freedom for the fabled worker, in behalf of whom the whole colossus exists? "I inquired of the spokesman of the factory Revolutionary Committee. 'Can a worker transfer work by his own individual decision?' I might have asked if the leopard can change his spots." A broad education? "At PKU [Peking University] I saw the English class which was reading and discussing Aesop's fables. . . . They received me with clapping—though few, I found, knew what or where Australia is." Coercion as an aspect of daily life? There is the lacuna I have mentioned, that Terrill is silent about the bloody Caesarian section that brought about Mao-man. Still . . . "Though force remains the ultimate basis of any state, control of the people in China is more nearly by psychological than by physical coercion. It is no longer simply 'Communists' on one hand and 'Chinese society' on the other. A merger has occurred at many points—a new kind of tao (way) emerges. This makes possible a Dictatorship by Idea (rather than by force). It is not like Poland or Hungary, where the Communists are a blanket spread over the body social. This may be what gave me an impression in China of pervasive yet light-handed control." (I learned, while in Peking, that the Chinese authorities had specified, in advance of Nixon's arrival, that nothing should be sent out by foreign reporters relating to the intensive preparations being made by the advance television and satellite teams, a proscription which was honored with the trivial exception that a correspondent from Reuters sent a paragraph reporting on two Americans who, having contracted pneumonia, were sent to a hospital in Hong Kong. The authorities, reaching for means of expressing their displeasure, suspended for 48 hours the delivery of the little sticks of candy that are placed every day on the bedtable of hotel guests. The Reuters man, though mightily amused, confessed that he felt keenly the psychological force of this deprivation.)



And Professor Terrill summarizes. "People ask 'Is China free?'—but there is no objective measure of the freedom of a whole society. . . . Study of China suggests that the revolution has been good for workers and peasants but problematic for intellectuals. It is hard to go on from there and make over-all value judgments that are honest. First, there are so many gaps in our knowledge of China that it can be like judging America on the basis of Kent State and Angela Davis' case (I know this because I used, before I came here, to judge the United States mainly by its spectacular lapses). Second, our experience has been so different from China's. Not having plumbed the depths of brokenness and humiliation that China did in the century following the Opium Wars, we cannot know the corporate emotion that comes with the recovery.

"Yet at one point we and China face the same value judgment. Which gets priority: the individual's freedom or the relationships of the whole society? Which unit is to be taken for policy and moral judgment alike: the nation, trade union, our class, my cronies, me? This is the hinge on which the whole issue turns. Professor Fu . . . did not make his own decision to take up the problem of insect pests—it was handed him. Is that wrong? The writer, Kuo Mo-jo recalled, cannot now do books for three thousand or at most eight thousand readers, as Kuo used to in Shanghai in the 1930s, but must write for the mass millions—and he's judged by whether he can do that well or not. Is that wrong?" Surely the corporate good is to be preferred? "Capitalism opens the door to tyranny of wealth: Chinese Communism opens the door to the tyranny of a corporate design."

Terrill, then, is merely B. F. Skinner, operational. A brave man, in such an essay, to allude to the "tyranny" of capitalism.

It is in a season that receives cordially the theoretical works of B. F. Skinner and the journalism of Ross Ter-

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rill, that Richard Nixon is operating, toasting Chairman Mao, who by material standards has yet to do for his country as much as Adolf Hitler did for his. Somehow the generic incantation, which used instantly to collapse such analyses—Mussolini made the trains run on time—doesn't have its ancient power to restore instantly the focus. The reason is that the West, so far gone these days in a rare combination of satiety and self-abuse, is indifferent in part to freedom, in whole to the cause of freedom. By contrast the Chinese Communists are not indifferent. They are proof against Western derision because they know what they want, are utterly outspoken in their consecration to human debasement as a means of achieving Communism, lucid and unswerving in their designs, insouciant to the resentment we used to feel, at the corruption of the terms that used to designate our ideals: justice, liberty, individual rights, government as the servant of the people. Richard Nixon—his glass raised high to Mao Tse-tung, toasting to a long march together, he and we, likening our two revolutions to each other, landing at Andrews to impart the information that the Chinese people greatly esteem their government—may yet emerge as the most flexible man of the century, perhaps even as the most deracinated American who ever lived and exercised great power.

THE HAUNTING philosophical questions temporarily aside, there is the practical question of the future of the island of Taiwan.

Over the years, Chiang Kai-shek has steadfastly maintained that he is the lawful head of the government not only of the province of Taiwan, but of all of Mainland China.

For a long time we indulged him the title of chief of state of all of China. Partly we did this out of sentiment, even as we recognized exile governments during the Second World War. Partly we did it thinking it just possible that Mainland China's government would collapse, as once or twice it came very close to doing.

But the situation is now irrevocably changed. Even if the next Cultural Revolution should succeed in deposing Mao, it will not restore Chiang Kai-shek. So that Chiang, growing old, lives by a fiction in which he is all but isolated. Meanwhile, that fiction serves the purposes of his enemies.

"The United States," said the joint communiqué issued in Shanghai, "acknowledges that all Chinese on either side of the Taiwan Strait maintain there is but one China and that Taiwan is a part of China. The United States Government does not challenge that position. It reaffirms its interest in a peaceful settlement of the Taiwan question by the Chinese themselves. With this prospect in mind, it affirms the ultimate objective of the withdrawal of all U.S. forces and military installations from Taiwan. In the meantime, it will progressively reduce its forces and military installations on Taiwan as the tension in the area diminishes."

Now it can be seen not only that the contradiction closes in on Chiang Kai-shek, but that the United States is making gleeful use of it. As long as Chiang maintains that the two territories are one, who is the United States to disagree? And if they are one, it will in due course be plain that the dog should wag the tail rather than vice versa. We have a defense treaty, on the basis of which it continues to be strictly a matter between Taiwan and the United States how many troops we desire to keep on Taiwan territory. But we have, with China, a joint communiqué in which we pledge ourselves to Chou's Five Points, one of them non-interference in internal matters. The lowering paradox finds us, already, promising the Mainland that we will reduce our military mission in Taiwan. And in the United Nations, Taiwan has only the standing of a mutinous province, an Asian Biafra.

The time has come for the government of Taiwan formally to secede from China. The instrument of secession would be at least as eloquent as our own Declaration of Independence. More, really, because however hateful King George was, he was the soul of toleration, by Mao's standards. George Washington and his fellow secessionists had not had an experience of independence from Great Britain. By contrast, Taiwan has governed itself for 23 years, disturbing not the peace of the world, indeed earning the admiration of all who have come to know it, for its economic progress, for the slow but steady enlargement of democratic institutions, and for its devotion to its own independence.

Granted there are Taiwanese who resent Chiang Kai-shek and his government of Mainlanders. But even there, there has been a considerable shift of sentiment from fifteen years ago, when the Mainlanders occupied almost all the positions of responsibility. Although there are Taiwanese who will continue to resent Chiang's government (there were Americans who opposed the Declaration of Independence), there are very few Taiwanese who would elect to be governed by Peking.

Accordingly, the stage is set. It is difficult to see how the United States, or for that matter any other country whose politics are not dictated by Communist capitals, could fail to recognize, instantly, the independent country of Taiwan. Even the Communists acknowledge—formally—the right of revolution, and the rights of independent states. And Taiwan would be nothing less than that—an independent state, de facto and, now, de jure.

One wishes that one could instantly assume that the United States would welcome such a development, as releasing it from a dilemma. At the present moment our posture towards Peking is too slavish to be absolutely certain even of that. But what alternative would we have?

That is, to the extent one can find solutions, the current solution for the Taiwan problem. It would be a sign of health, and ultimate patriotism: a gesture of devotion to the people who have sheltered him during the past 23 years, if Chiang were now to make this concession to reality, and this contribution to order and hope for what is left of his people. □

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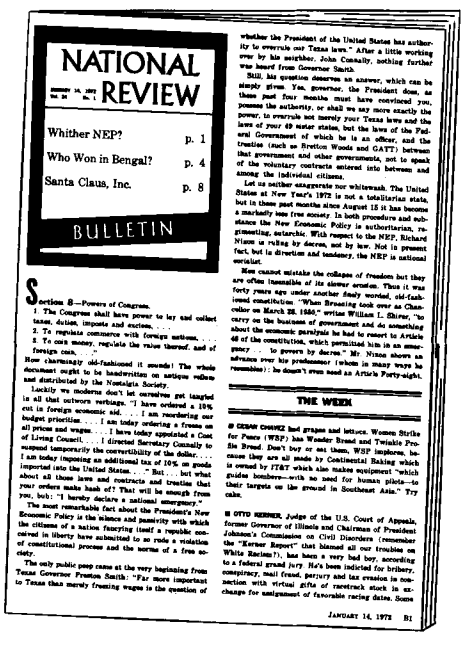
Each separate feature of the BULLETIN (eight in all) packs so much information that it's almost like receiving eight newsletters! "The Week" is a compact listing of the hottest news items — many that have been "overlooked" in the regular press. "On the Left" highlights the latest activities of the new *and* old Left, including private reports from here and abroad. "Capital Bulletin" is a provocative Washington report from a well-informed correspondent who knows his way around the inner circles of government (which is why his news beats often appear as headline stories weeks after you've read them in the BULLETIN — and why he chooses to use the pen-name "Winston"). "What's Ahead" gives you forecasts based on current trends (the "small events" that may become tomorrow's crisis). "People" is perhaps the most popular BULLETIN feature; it's not afraid to name names or focus on who's doing what — it's where you'll find the latest political news and gossip. For pithy and pointed editorial comment, there's "At Home" by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant editor of the Indianapolis *News*. Evans, known as one of the nation's keenest political analysts, brings you his own special brand of commentary on the most controversial and crucial issues of today. International news is not neglected, either. One of the BULLETIN's regular features is "Abroad," a unique survey of the foreign scene, complete with confidential reports filed by on-the-spot observers in key trouble spots the world over. And for all those concerned about the state of the nation's economy (and who isn't?), there's "Business," a column of important economic and financial news and analysis. "Business" has become widely known for its perceptive treatment and understanding of current business trends. This column is written not in unintelligible financial jargon, but in language that *you* can understand.

Here's a sampling of some of the news stories that have appeared in recent BULLETINS:

- Integrate or Else!
- Is Vietnam Doomed?
- What Has Happened to Our Strategic Defense?
- G. Jackson, Criminal
- Busing Absurdities
- The Brainwashing of Scotty Reston
- The Why and Where of John V. Lindsay
- Why the Pentagon Papers?
- Who Started the Anti-FBI Campaign
- Who's Next for Bombing?
- Farewell Spiro?


NATIONAL REVIEW

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Who Won in Bengal? p. 4

Santa Claus, Inc. p. 8

BULLETIN

Section 8—Powers of Congress.

1. The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises. . . .
2. To regulate commerce with foreign nations. . . .
3. To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin. . . .

How charmingly old-fashioned it sounds! The whole document ought to be handwritten on antique vellum and distributed by the Nostalgia Society.

Luckily we moderns don't let ourselves get tangled in all that outworn verbiage. "I have ordered a 10% cut in foreign economic aid. . . . I am reordering our budget priorities. . . . I am today ordering a freeze on all prices and wages. . . . I have today appointed a Cost of Living Council. . . . I directed Secretary Connally to suspend temporarily the convertibility of the dollar. . . . I am today imposing an additional tax of 10% on goods imported into the United States. . . ." But . . . but what about all those laws and contracts and treaties that your orders make hash of? That will be enough from you, bub: "I hereby declare a national emergency."

The most remarkable fact about the President's New Economic Policy is the silence and passivity with which the citizens of a nation fancying itself a republic conceived in liberty have submitted to so rude a violation of constitutional process and the norms of a free society.

The only public peep came at the very beginning from Texas Governor Preston Smith: "Far more important to Texas than merely framing wages is the question of whether the President of the United States has authority to overrule our Texas laws." After a little working over by his neighbor, John Connally, nothing further was heard from Governor Smith.

Still, his question deserves an answer, which can be simply given. Yes, governor, the President does, as these past four months must have convinced you, possess the authority, or shall we say more exactly the power, to overrule not merely your Texas laws and the laws of your 49 sister states, but the laws of the Federal Government of which he is an officer, and the treaties (such as Bretton Woods and GATT) between that government and other governments, not to speak of the voluntary contracts entered into between and among the individual citizens.

Let us neither exaggerate nor whitewash. The United States at New Year's 1972 is not a totalitarian state, but in these past months since August 15 it has become a markedly less free society. In both procedure and substance the *New Economic Policy* is authoritarian, regimenting, dictatistic. With respect to the NEP, Richard Nixon is ruling by decree, not by law. Not in present fact, but in direction and tendency, the NEP is national socialist.

Men cannot mistake the collapse of freedom but they are often insensible of its slower erosion. Thus it was forty years ago under another dimly worried, old-fashioned constitution: "When Brandeis took over as Chancellor on March 28, 1586," writes William L. Shirer, "to carry on the business of government and do something about the economic paralysis he had to resort to Article 48 of the constitution, which permitted him in an emergency . . . to govern by decree." Mr. Nixon shown an advance over his predecessor (whom in many ways he resembles): he doesn't even need an Article's Forty-eight.

THE WEEK

■ CESAR CHAVEZ had grapes and lettuce. Women Strike for Peace (WSP) has Wonder Bread and Twinkle Pro-Ho Bread. Don't buy or eat them. WSP implores, because they are all made by Continental Baking which is owned by *ITT* which also makes equipment "which divides bombers—with no need for human pilots—to their targets on the ground in Southeast Asia." Try cake.

■ OTTO KERNER, Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals, former Governor of Illinois and Chairman of President Johnson's Commission on Civil Disorders (remember the "Kerner Report" that blamed all our troubles on White Racism?), has been a very bad boy, according to a federal grand *jury*. He's been indicted for bribery, conspiracy, mail fraud, perjury and tax evasion in connection with virtual *gifts* of racetrack stock in exchange for assignment of favorable racing dates. Some

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PART TWO

Richard Nixon's Long March

EN ROUTE. Everywhere we turn, we come upon the logo of this voyage. "The Visit of President Richard M. Nixon to the People's Republic of China." It is thus emblazoned on our baggage tags, stationery, rucksacks. At first it puts you off. But if you sit down and doodle, asking yourself: what is a self-effacing way to say it, answers leap not instantly to mind. It is, after all, a visit. The U.S. principal is, after all, the President of the United States. And there is no getting around it that his name is Richard M. Nixon, or that his destination is—CAUTION. It may appear stilted that every time one alludes to the area in question, one speaks of it as the "People's Republic of China." Actually, it is not only proper but reassuring that we continue to do so. You see, we recognize a government which is called "The Republic of China," and that government sits in Taiwan. Strictly speaking it is bad form to visit a territory of a government you recognize, which territory is in mutinous contention with the recognized government. Thus one would not, a few years ago, have dispatched the Queen of England to Biafra. And if one had done so, one would have avoided designating it as a visit to Nigeria. Accordingly, the constant references to PRC were, one supposed, diplomatic appeasers, for the benefit of Chiang Kai-shek. About the last he would get.

Even so there is the narcissistic overtone, which mocks republican tradition, reminding us of the distance we have traveled since Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine, the exemplar and the ideologue of republican anti-pomp. There is Bonapartism in the air in these parts—Lyndon Johnson would not have ventured to a Bar-B-Q without the Presidential seal engraved on his blue jeans, and there is the beginning, in Nixon's court, of Transylvanian chrome. After all, it would have sufficed, for purposes of communication, to refer to the "Presidential Visit to the People's Republic of China," leaving it to our grandchildren to reach for the almanac to remind themselves who was President of the United States at the Peking Summit, and to their grandfathers to hope that the almanac in question will be written in English, rather than Chinese.

The omens were not good. For instance, we were required to land at Shanghai before going on to Peking. Why? Shanghai is four hours from Guam, less than two hours from Peking. The ostensible reason for landing there was to pick up a Chinese "navigator." Nobody on the U.S. team thought to object that our regular navigators could home in on Peking all by themselves, and if absolutely necessary, could have got a little help from the Strategic Air Command. No, the gentlemen Chinese had something symbolic in mind, which they did not, typically, divulge. The history-minded recalled that the emperors of yore required that visiting nabobs pause well outside the confines of the capital to sue for permission to go further.

AND THEN, it was somewhere along the line suggested that the Presidential party plop down in a Boeing 747, which would have made unnecessary, for instance, the use of two 707s for the press. A frozen no. As it is, we were permitted only to put down in the sleek American jet, after which we were made to travel (to Hangchow and Shanghai) in one of theirs (made in Russia). Another bad omen: we were allowed to carry off the aircraft only a single suitcase. Why? You figure it out. I can understand being told to bring only a single suitcase to the Normandy landing. Hardly to the capital of a nation of 800 million people, a very small percentage of whom would be distracted by the necessity of carrying a few dozen extra bags. Hardly the way to get off to a good start with Walter Cronkite, I mused.

Aboard the plane, on the endless trip, we read, mostly. Theodore White, the gifted old China hand, renowned now for his series on the making of American Presidents, was ecstatic at the prospect of revisiting old haunts, and of justifying his early optimism about the vector of Chinese Communism. We tease each other. He looks up from his pile of clips from time to time, offering me anti-Red Chinese tidbits in return for anything favorable I can supply him from my own pile. At one point he beamed. "I have a clip here that says the Red Chinese have killed 34 million people since they took over. What will you offer me for that?" I rummage about and offer him the clip that says the Red Chinese have reduced illiteracy from 80 per cent to 20 per cent, but he scoffs, like a pawnshop broker. "Hell, I have that one." I scrounge some more for pro-Chinese Communist data and finally tell him, disconsolate, that I can't find one more item to barter for his; and he smiles contentedly at his tactical victory. But has he lost the war?

Peking. The press speculated feverishly over the astonishingly spare reception given to President Nixon at the airport. He himself had only a few minutes' notice that he would come out of Air Force One onto an all but desolate scene. He went through the gaunt ritual with the kind of smile you wear when you congratulate the man who beat you in the election. They stood there at attention during the playing of the two national anthems, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, Chou En-lai, Rogers, Kissinger, the lot of them, like wax figures in Mme. Tussaud's museum, and one felt the jolt of surprise that, the music over, they should have come to life, to march on bravely, in the silence—no music, no applause, no bustle, no crowd-roar—to review the honor guard, dutifully there to do its listless bit. The motor-

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cade swung on determinedly, fifty minutes into the heart of Peking. The only crowds were towards the end of the journey, in the thick of the central city. And they weren't Chinese ogling to see the President of the United States, but Chinese en route, at lunch time, from one side of the avenue to the other, stopped by police until the procession went by. That would appear to have been the single concession of the governors of the People's Republic of China: they did not make President Nixon stop for the red lights.

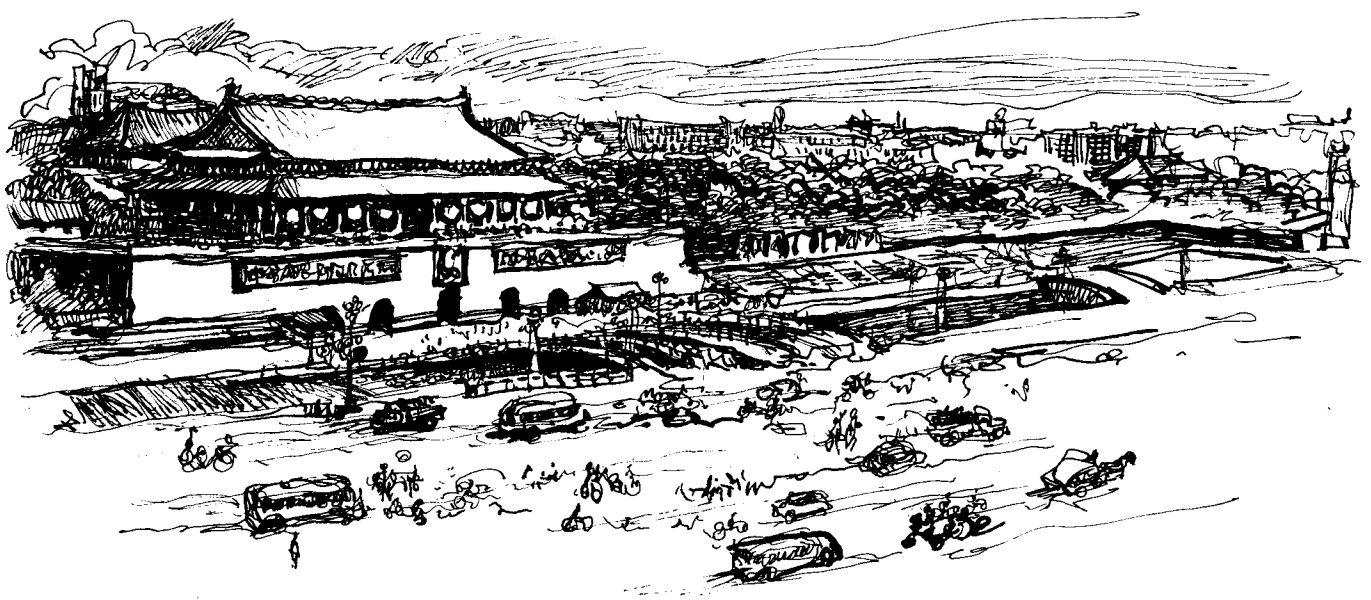
WE JOKED about it, at the press table. One correspondent, reflecting on the tumultuous public reception recently given to Haile Selassie, reminded us that, after all, the Ethiopian government is older than the American Government—*absit invidia*. A second wondered whether the Western press hadn't underestimated the success of the Cultural Revolution. "Maybe the Chinese we saw are all there are left?" But through it, Chou's shaft had penetrated. There was Wounded Pride in the air. Everyone knows that in a totalitarian country the size of the crowd tends to be a decision of the masters. But Nixon had seen crowds reach up, piercing the screen of official impassivity, to touch his hand. It was so in Poland in 1959, when he was Vice President and hundreds of thousands of Poles, defying the official chill, cheered and cheered and cheered. Nothing like that would happen to Nixon, not even after the benediction later in the afternoon from Mao Tse-tung. He never, anywhere, caused a public ripple.

It wasn't so much that the people were hostile to him, though they had every right to be after a generation's saturation bombing, as that they were indifferent to him, somehow tuned out; leaving these matters, as they had been taught to do, to their masters, who could be trusted to advise them when it served the purposes of the People's Republic to cheer lustily, as they had done for the Lion of Judah. We were, after all, among people who have not yet been informed that an American astronaut walked on the moon in 1970.

Then Mao Tse-tung gave Nixon an audience, and although the people weren't thereupon turned on, the official atmosphere flushed out. That night I espied Personal Diplomacy. Everyone could see Richard Nixon in the large banquet hall, seated alongside Chou at a round table of a dozen or so dignitaries, but I saw him best, not alone from the advantage of being seated only twenty yards away (the correspondents were strung out alphabetically). I watched him through binoculars, after his remarks, raising his glass to toast Chou En-lai and the three or four Chinese officials seated at his table. Then—to the astonishment of everyone and the consternation of the Secret Service—he strode purposefully one by one to the three surrounding tables and greeted Chinese official after Chinese official, his face red with the sweat of quite genuine idealism, bowing, smiling radiantly, touching each individual glass. He looked altogether noble, flushed with the righteousness of great purpose, and the two dozen Chinese—old generals, commissars, politicians—were quite visibly startled, first at being approached at all, then at being wooed so ardently.

KINDLY make no mistake about the moral courage all this required. It is unreasonable to suppose that anywhere in history have a few dozen men congregated who have been responsible for greater human mayhem than the hosts at this gathering and their spiritual colleagues, instruments all of Mao Tse-tung. The effect was as if Sir Hartley Shawcross had suddenly risen from the prosecutor's stand at Nuremberg and descended to embrace Goering and Goebbels and Doenitz and Hess, begging them to join with him in the making of a better world. Never mind the difference, that the latter were convicted butchers, aggressors, and genocide-makers, and the former, by the narrowest quirk of the Cultural Revolution, are not: all that that difference reminds us of is that history is indeed the polemics of the victor.

We *were*, after all, in Peking. And among the pamphlets distributed to the American press in the hotel corridors' literature racks was a speech by Mao Tse-tung less than two years old. "While massacring the people in other countries," goes this particular thought of Chairman Mao, "U.S. imperialism is slaughtering the white and black people



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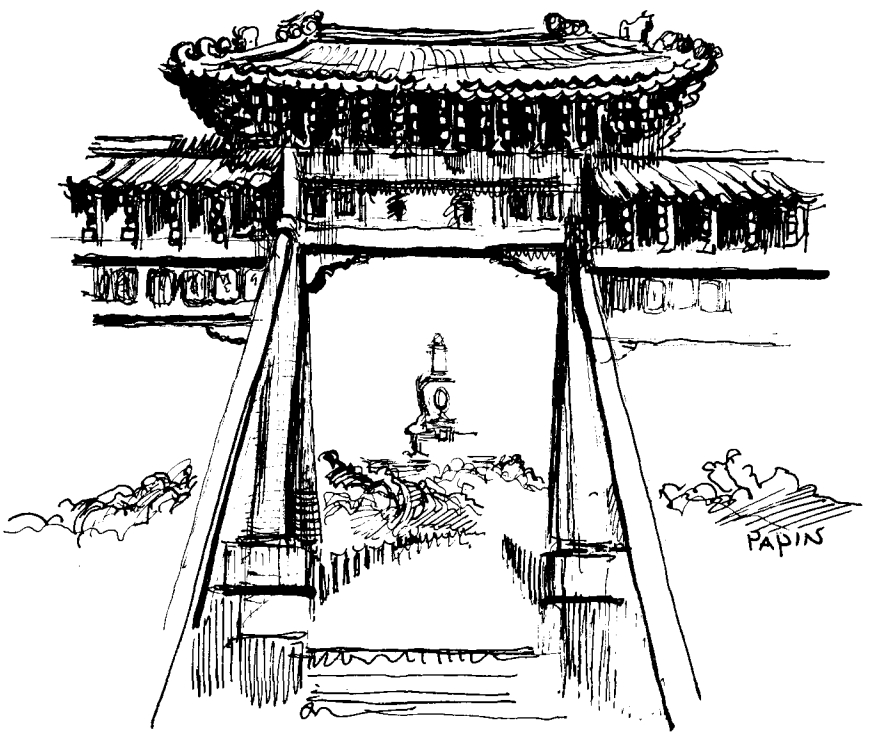

in its own country. Nixon's fascist atrocities have kindled the raging flames of the revolutionary mass movement in the United States. The Chinese people firmly support the revolutionary struggle of the American people. I am convinced that the American people who are fighting valiantly will ultimately win victory and that the fascist rule in the United States will inevitably be defeated." Moreover, in contemporary Peking, you cannot pass by a monument without staring into the face of Josef Stalin. That was the backdrop of Nixon's performance.

On top of that, there was the morning's performance at the airport. If charity covers the Big Lie, here was charity's test. Mr. Nixon began his speech by thanking Premier Chou for his government's "*incomparable hospitality*." At the hands of an ironist, that statement would have brought down the house. With Mr. Nixon, one merely scratched one's head; nervously. He went on to pull out every stop.

—He quoted Mao.

—He said that he wished the United States and China might undertake a "long march" together, which fawning historical reference was as if Chou had said that China wanted to find itself side by side with America the very next time we face the rockets' red glare.

—He talked about things like equal dignity for the people of the nations of the world, to the premier of the largest totalitarian country in the history of the world.

—And then . . . and then, he toasted Chairman Mao, Chou En-lai, and the whole lot of them. I would not have been surprised, that night, if he had lurched into a toast of Alger Hiss.

Premier Chou was more cautious. He had begun the day with a snub, he would end it with condescension. Behind him in the huge hall the flags of the two countries hung grandly—the usual business, at state banquets. Except that the U.S. flag was just a little smaller than the Red Chinese flag. Proletarian subtlety. Then, not a word from Chou in acceptance, if that is the word for it, of Richard Nixon. He didn't even say that Nixon is an *amiable* running dog. The stress, always, was People to People, it being Communism's theoretical insistence that the American people are okay, but their leaders are awful, and something of a lacuna in Communist theory just how it came about that Okay People elect fascist, warmongering leaders.

There was not a word, in Chou's speech, which would have earned him a demerit in Communist theology class. Came the toast: "I propose a toast"—to President and Mrs. Nixon? No. ". . . *to the health* of President and Mrs. Nixon." The difference between toasting someone, and toasting someone's health is, well, noticeable. (Two banquets later, at Hangchow, Nixon slid unobtrusively into the more cautious formulation.) And, finally, Chou toasted "to the friendship between Chinese [sic] and American peoples," which sentiment flirted not at all with heresy, friendship among all peoples being a postulate of Marxist dogma. The implications were not—are not—immediately apparent. But watching the face of Chou through the binoculars, one could not help but reflect that the fissured smile of the airport had broadened, as it might have done on the face of his hero Stalin, when the boys got together to toast peace, dignity, and self-determination for all peoples, back at Yalta.

EVERY DAY, the correspondents were given a choice of a half-dozen Chinese Communist achievements to witness, and it soon occurred even to the best-disposed among us that our affable hosts had lost sight of the critical perspective. It has after all been a very long time—fifteen? twenty years?—since reporters in any force have been permitted to visit China. Totalitarian societies are very good at hiding things like concentration camps, Liu Shao-ch'is, and material misery. Why are they so poor at hiding ideological infantilism? Perhaps because it is like hiding grass. But I mean, there was the President of the United States and his moderately cosmopolitan staff, plus all of us, seated in the ballet hall, a new building which, incidentally, makes the Lexington Avenue subway look like Disneyland. Would we view a Chinese classic? A modern classic?

It was a thing called "The Red Detachment of Women," which is China's Gone with the Wind or, better, Uncle Tom's Cabin. The synopsis was printed and given to each of us, and from it I quote exactly.

The heroine, Ching-hua, is the property of a "despotic landlord" who (Act I) gives orders to one of his "running dogs" to sell her. She is mercilessly beaten, escapes, and is retrieved by two Red Army men who feel "profound proletarian feelings" towards her. They embrace her (Act II) into a Red Detachment of Women where she is warmly received by "the soldiers and villagers whose class feelings for her are as deep as sea." During a liberation maneuver against her former slavemaster she goofs (Act III) out of an excess of zeal, and is warned (Act IV) that "only by emancipating all mankind can the proletariat achieve its own final emancipation."

I feel quite sure that, at this point in the ballet, Richard Nixon was prompted

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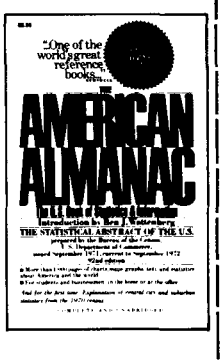

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to poke Pat under the seat, but between him and her was seated Madame Mao Tse-tung, who is the iron patroness of this kind of thing—it was her resentment of an opera insufficiently servile to Maoism that touched off the Cultural Revolution in 1965; and anyway, one might as well have frolicked across the body of Anna Pauker, as across Chiang Ching. In Act V, our heroine's principal Red protector is overwhelmed by the Kuomintang, but when he recovers consciousness, "he stands rock-firm and faces the pack of bandit troops in righteous indignation." Only (Act VI) to die "a heroic death with the fearless heroic spirit of a Communist" but not, you will be glad to learn, until after he has managed (at not inconsiderable operatic length) to "denounce the diehard reactionaries." At which point the Red Army moves in, and "the broad revolutionary masses flock to join the Red Army amidst resounding battle songs." The last sentence in the synopsis is a modest thought for today: "Forward, forward, under the banner of Mao Tse-tung, forward to victory!"

THE MUSE ringing in our ears, the next morning we visited Peking University, probably the most shattering single experience of the journey because one had the sense of participating in a show trial. Our host was the active head of the university, who got his advanced degree in physics from the University of Chicago in 1926, which solved the language problem, right? Wrong. The poor derelict, whose English had been previously ascertained to have been as good as Eric Sevareid's, spoke through an interpreter. Because the room was full of Red Guard thugs, and it was obvious that they desired to hear his answers so that, if necessary, they could later on correct him for ideological irregularities.

Cautiously, during the question period, we probed the circumstances of his and his university's humiliation, without of course exactly letting on. We knew that he knew that we knew that he was reduced to puppetry, but better a puppet alive, than to stand rock-firm and face the pack of bandit troops. Someone asked him what had been the errors of Peking University before the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution caught up with them, and he replied that the errors, partly his own responsibility, had been to imitate Russian universities by forgetting the imperative of proletarian politics and lending itself instead to the cultivation of an academic elite. Translated, that means Peking U sought excellence. How had he learned the exact nature of his delinquencies? A "Mao Thought Propaganda Team" came to the university in the fall of 1968 and stayed on a whole year. After they left, the governing of the university was turned over to a "revolutionary council," of which this wretched man had become the spokesman, surrounded by brachycephalic peasants who, knowing only how to praise the thoughts of Chairman Mao, need know aught else, in order to correct the venerable professor.

We puzzle that our hosts should have proudly invited us to view contemporary Chinese Communist academic life. One recalls Evelyn Waugh's Azania, where the young black prince, incompletely educated in Western habits, gave a state banquet to two very British ladies come to inspect the local situation in behalf of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In his toast, the prince solemnly averred that, in Azania, they worked industriously to devise means of being cruel to animals, that they had not yet achieved English standards, but that they were every day making progress.

There came the long lull, when the sight-seeing became routine, the banquets had piled upon each other, twelve courses every time, toasts and more toasts, and the speculation became razzled on just what Nixon and Chou would finally come up with—something grainier, we hoped, than the soapsuds we had been fingering for days now. I remember the cartoon in *Punch* after the summit conference in Washington between Sir Anthony Eden and President Eisenhower. The artist depicted Eden in long tweed skirt and shawl sitting contentedly on a bench in front of the White House, Eisenhower in knickers and sportcoat; holding hands. The caption summarized the Joint Communiqué: " 'Darling?' 'What, darling?' 'Nothing, darling. Just darling, darling.' "

Time, meanwhile, a little time, to pause over some of the mannerisms of the principals. Chou's own, distinctive tics, we are unfamiliar with, but one notices that his government is given to approaching all problems numerically. When, for instance, it was observed years ago that the revolution continued to tolerate those unclean elements, Chairman Mao promulgated the Four Purifications Movement, among whose accomplishments was the repeal of the premature Three Freedoms and One Guarantee. The Maoists were historically scarred by the Fifth Extermination Campaign Chiang Kai-shek had mounted against them in the Thirties, which of course they survived by citing the proverb, "One spark can consume a hundred miles of prairies." The Five Principles first enunciated by Chou at the Bandung Conference way back in 1955 were reaffirmed at the banquet given for Mr. Nixon, notwithstanding that the Cultural Revolution has eliminated the Four Olds (old ideas, old culture, old customs, old habits), some time after withdrawing from the Hundred Flowers, whose blooming was a mistake, as recognized at the Eight Great Rallies of the Cultural Revolution, which was precipitated by Madame Liu's misdirected modification of the Ten Conditions on Agriculture in her (totally inadequate) Later Ten Conditions on Agriculture.

MR. NIXON would not likely, at proclamation-time, herald the Seventh Day Principles of Nixon-Mao, but we knew that he would certainly call the agreement the most momentous document since the Ten Commandments. We were right.

Mr. Nixon had just come from visiting the Great Wall. Undeniably, the Great Wall is the greatest wall in the history of the world. Absolutely no doubt about it. But look what the Great Wall did to Mr. Nixon. "[The Great Wall] is a certain symbol of what China in the past has been and of what China in the future can become. People who could build a wall like this certainly have a great past to be proud of and a people who have this kind of a past must also have a great future." Mr. Nixon floats through that kind of thing without ever having to face the difficulties of it, as he would unquestionably have to do if he were a member of the House of Commons. The trouble with the statement is a) the China that built the Great Wall, not many generations after Socrates drank the hemlock, is only dimly related to Mao's China, if you discount the fact that the Emperor Chin and the incumbent both dispose of

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slaves; b) the whole emphasis of Mao's China is to forget, not remember, China's past; and c) anyway, people who have a great past *don't* necessarily have a great future, e.g., Portugal. The statement was therefore inaccurate, maladroit, and anti-historical: But who cared?

And then the ballet of the night before, said Mr. Nixon, was "very dramatic—excellent theater [C+ would have been a generous rating], and excellent dancing [B] and music [C—] and really superb acting [B—]. I have seen ballets all over the world, including the Soviet Union and the United States. This is certainly the equal of any ballet I have seen." Bullsticks. It is not the equal of any ballet Mr. Nixon has seen. Oh dear. One has the feeling that if Mr. Nixon, in his second term, having decided to patch up our difficulties with the Devil, travels down to conduct a summit conference, he will tell Charon that he has used ferries all over the world, but that Charon's is absolutely the equal of any he has ever ridden on.

The moment came. If we assume that Henry Kissinger exacted from Chou En-lai the promise that he would not take the occasion of President Nixon's visit to China to dilate on the depravities of the United States and its foreign policy, then you would not have been surprised, sitting in the packed mini-auditorium that served us in Shanghai as the press room in which the joint communiqué was distributed to the ravenous press, that the Chinese section of the communiqué employed civil language. It is not known how much this ordeal of self-restraint cost our hosts, whose public rhetoric has for so many years now been tuned to the running-dog mode. It is as if, suddenly, you asked Arthur Rubinstein please to play his recital on an atonal scale.

STILL they managed it. And, at the other end of the communiqué, Richard Nixon, having surrendered on the principal point, nestled into the clichés in which all statesmen can relax. In particular Western statesmen, because our types, when we talk about democracy, national sovereignty, and individual freedom, however we allow for significant differences in the practice, have in mind something not altogether different from democracy, justice, and individual freedom. While the other side, recognizing the uses of these distinctively Western ideals, uses the language a bit ill-fittingly, but so doggedly now that the intellectual slouch is no more remarkable than the bagginess of the trousers of Mao-man.

The eyes raced over the communiqué —Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler would seconds hence enter the room to answer questions (we did not know that it would be Kissinger who would answer them), and it was required that we become instantly familiar with the rather verbose statement, the end-point of the endless week: this was our summit, and we could not dawdle. The gentleman on my right,

august representative of the *New York Times*, quickly got the point. "Score one for them, zero for us," he whispered. Except that *New York Times* dispatches do not do that kind of thing, he played, later in the press room, with the lead: "President Nixon departed from China today, leaving Taiwan behind."

Henry Kissinger, who more closely than any man in living memory superintends Presidential foreign policy, was visibly nervous, his wisecracks (he is genuinely witty) edgy and forced. When the inevitable question about Taiwan came up he was as ready for it as the bride to answer: "I do." It is very difficult, he said, to talk about—he couldn't call it a "country," since it was precisely this point that our hosts were contending. To call it an "area," on the other hand, would have been a little unfeeling. So he referred to It, throughout, as an "issue," which, indisputably, it is. He said that because of the particular sensitivity of the Issue, he would say what he had to say one time only; that he would not return again to the Issue, no matter how elliptically or ingeniously other questioners in the room might approach the subject. The fact of the matter, he said, is that the President's annual World Report, issued only a month ago, reiterated the United States Government's determination to stand by the mutual defense treaty with Taiwan. "Nothing has changed on that position."

Of course, everything had changed, and everyone in the room knew it, including Kissinger, although it is true that his understanding of public communications is anomalously underdeveloped. Mr. Nixon had caved in: he would mention, in the communiqué, Vietnam and Korea, but there would be no mention of U.S. fidelity to Taiwan. *Inclusio unius, exclusio alterius.* The rest was summit boilerplate: —professions of faith in peace and national sovereignty, anti super-power talk, and of course the talk about future talk.

"This was the week that changed the world," Nixon would say giddily a few hours later at the final banquet. For once, there was no hyperbole. Mr. Nixon has adjusted American and Asian politics. The countdown for Taiwan independence has begun.

Of course, Taiwan will be there as long as the United States Government maintains the treaty. But before it is formally rescinded, it is likely to be reduced to mere metaphor, the vector of American foreign policy in Asia having been clearly charted. Our recognition and support for an independent Taiwan are, the Chinese part of the communiqué states, the "crucial question obstructing the normalization of relations between China and the United States." American know-how is famous for eliminating obstructions. The Democratic Party Presidential candidates will, one by one (with a conspicuous exception) call for reconsidering the mutual defense treaty.

Four years ago Henry Kissinger, before joining the staff of President-elect Nixon, evaluated Defense Secretary Clark Clifford's attack on President Thieu on the matter of the shape of the negotiating table at Paris. He said to a friend, "If the United States slips the rug from under the Thieu government, the word will go out among the nations of the world that it is perhaps risky to be an enemy of the United States. But to be its friend is fatal." □

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THE WEEK

■ Question: If Richard Nixon were still in the Senate how do you suppose the ADA would rate him?

■ Perhaps the President was literally accurate when he stated that he made no "secret" "commitments" to the Chinese, but he has not found it appropriate to make public one forthcoming U.S. action that the Chinese will be pleased by. The reconnaissance flights over China by U-2s and unmanned robot aircraft, which have been giving the Pentagon its most detailed intelligence on Chinese nuclear developments, troop development, movements of men and supplies into Indochina etc., are to be halted.

■ The national board of Americans for Democratic Action has just missed becoming a finalist for the annual Ideological Purity Award. The board met in Washington last week to decide which Presidential candidates were so conservative as to be "unacceptable." The original list included Henry Jackson, Wilbur Mills, Sam Yorty, George Wallace and Hubert Horatio Humphrey. Humphrey was finally, after much argument, deleted from the list, but you can see why the vote was so close. In the ADA's analysis of lifetime voting records of Presidential candidates, the barely acceptable Mr. Humphrey did, it is true, rate highest, but he had supported the ADA position on issues it considered critical only 99 per cent of the time.

■ The Value-Added Tax is under mounting attack from left and right. The liberals contend that it would be passed on in prices, but they don't seem to notice that this is equally true of their cherished corporate profits tax. Being a sales tax in effect, VAT would indeed tax the poor (as well as everyone else), in the absence of rebates, but not nearly so heavily as does the property tax it's designed to replace. Some conservatives tend to object on other grounds. Rep. John Ashbrook doesn't want to add any new tax on an "already confiscatory level of taxation," no doubt figuring that old taxes never die, no matter how many new ones are born. Tax economist Dan Throop Smith adds: "If a VAT leads to excessive government spending which would not otherwise occur, the great revenue potential of VAT may be the best argument against it."

■ Evidently it takes an inflationary spiral to cure one. The number of employees on the Price Commission payroll is rising like a balloon at a county fair. The staff is up to 650 so far—a 50 per cent increase over January, and several hundred more than Congress authorized. What Congress *did* approve, however, was a 60 per cent increase in the Price Commission's budget for fiscal 1973. It's a challenging job to defend all this, so Chairman C. Jackson Grayson is busy assembling a team of 32 publicity men.

■ The neo-Malthusians have enlisted MIT's megacomputer to bless their prophecies of doom. In *The Limits of Growth*, Dennis Meadows shows what you can get out of a computer if you feed it properly: If population and industrial growth continue, the world will run out of food and industrial supplies in the year 2020, and population will fall sharply. Discovery of new resources would only stimulate industrial pollution, says the computer on Mr. Meadows' knee, and if technological advance controlled pollution the population would soar and outstrip the food supply. The ecologues' solution is becoming familiar: to impose stagnation.

■ An enterprising publisher is sufficiently confident that controls will continue (and that nobody will understand what's going on) to put out "The Wage and Price Controls Law Letter." Subscription is a mere $60 a year, and it won't go up by more than 2.5 per cent—or was that 5.5 per cent? Is this new essential expense included in the consumer's price index?

■ Chile, with its eye on higher things, shunned last month the offer of a loan by the International Monetary Fund. Accepting the offer, said the Allende representatives, would be an infringement of Chile's national sovereignty. Instead they counterproposed that in return for a "deferment" of the $3.1-billion debt repayment, her sixteen creditor nations would be sent regular reports on the Chilean economy and given guarantees for repayment beginning in 1975, which is where some of Chile's creditors thought they'd come in. . . . However, the cost of bread spirals, cigarettes are a black-market commodity, spare parts for cars and machinery are unavailable, the price of beef soars and soft drinks (considered an essential nutrient in Latin American countries) cannot be bought. Government "mass communication" experts write jingles for radio saying, "Don't blame anybody, just blame the heat." Congress balks and on February 19 votes a series of constitutional amendments to prohibit the Allende government's seizure, and destruction, of what remains of Chile's private economy. In New York, the United States District Court blocks the bank accounts of Chilean agencies and the following week Salvador Allende, having convinced his Marxist cohorts that Chile cannot live by trade with the Communist bloc countries alone, announces, swallowing his national sovereignty, that Chile will pay part ($84.6 million) of its debt to Kennecott Copper.

■ Italian legislators are notoriously loath to give up their salaries and prerogatives. The severity of the current po-

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litical crisis is shown in the fact that for the first time since the founding of the Italian Republic after World War II, parliament has been disbanded ahead of schedule. For six weeks, President Leone tried to patch together a viable government from the present cast of deputies, and failed. So on May 7/8 the Italians go to the polls to choose a new Chamber of Deputies. And it could be a brand new ball game. The badly split Christian Democratic Party, which has ruled Italy for the past quarter-century in a series of coalitions that have moved slowly but steadily to the left, is worried about the elections. And with cause. Worried particularly because of the unexpected strength shown by the rightist Italian Social Movement (MSI)—loosely tagged as a neo-fascist party—in the last regional and municipal elections. The MSI could well emerge from this next election as a major party by skimming off portions of the disaffected Christian Democratic Right and great hunks of blue- and white-collar Italians who are fed up with the inflation, rolling strikes, growing violence and general disruptions that have marked life in Italy for the past two years. Such is the climate in Italy that some segments of the Christian Democrats might plump for a united front with the Communists rather than a coalition with the MSI—and therein could lie disaster.

■ "Still, in their brief time in Peking, Americans received a startling lesson in social cooperation. To a man (and woman), they were stunned at the sight of some 200,000 Chinese pouring onto the streets to remove the snow that had fallen during the visit. A compulsory exercise? To be sure, citizens who neglected their duties would be severely chastised. But the visitors detected a civic spirit and camaraderie that are spectacularly lacking in the present-day U.S. In the long run, one of the most important questions about the U.S. and China will be just how much the two countries may learn from each other" (*Time*, March 6). Any day now, you see, they will be pouring out of the Time-Life Building, on a signal from the Chairman, er, editor, to pick up the cigarette butts in Rockefeller Plaza.

■ These days, every college has to have its resident Mao-Mao—its very own flaming Marxist, "young," "popular" and (preferably) "black." Such a one was Yale's Kenneth Mills, a $13,000-a-year assistant professor of philosophy. Until Yale found out that Mills was also a tenured professor, getting $26,000 a year, at the Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York—a duality prohibited by Yale statutes—and suspended him for a year. Mills grumps that he's being persecuted because he's not a member of Yale's "old Blue inner circle"; a fellow professor says that with Nixon going to China and all, "it behooves a great university to have a competent Marxist scholar around"; Chaplain William Sloane Coffin simpers: "The need for institutional rectitude was given priority over an individual's need for forgiveness and restoration." On his year off, Mills could write a book about class contradictions on the Merritt Parkway.

■ Big, tall Johnny knocks little (4 feet 8 inches) Tommy to the floor of the school corridor, and stomps on his face. The principal suspends Johnny. At the "suspension hearing" much later, Johnny's lawyer represents the stomping as a "fight" that should be settled by a handshake, and blocks the calling of witnesses prepared to testify against Johnny. Result: Johnny goes back to school, the principal's authority is undermined, Tommy and a lot of other kids live in fear. Johnny's mouthpiece comes from the New York Civil Liberties Union, which outfit, says the High School Principals Association, is "quiescent, if not supportive, regarding disruptions and instances of extreme violence in the schools." The principals also charge: "In suspension hearings, [NYCLU lawyers] favor an adversary relationship which negates principals' efforts to work with the parents of suspended students toward sound over-all solutions. . . . They have failed to balance the rights of the wrongdoers they defend against those of the many others who are law-abiding." Rights, shmights—it's the *liberties* that matter.

■ A document from the U.S. Department of the Interior, Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, has come into our possession: to wit, a citation of one Edmund S. Muskie (attorney, self-employed) and one Francis Scott Key (real-estate broker, self-employed), for violating a law—and a rule of good sportsmanship—against scattering grain over a field when hunting in order to lure more birds in. Interestingly, at the time that Edmund S. Muskie (attorney, self-employed) was shooting over baited fields in Maryland, there was an Edmund S. Muskie (senator, government-employed) in Washington, right across Chesapeake Bay. Prompting us to wonder whether senators shouldn't disclose their occupations, as well as their campaign contributors.

Letter to the Floridians

Like sinners who have seen the light
Or actors suddenly uptight,
All fear the busing Rubicon
But John.

McGovern has begun to hedge;
Ed Muskie's inching from the edge.
Poor Humphrey's positively *wan*.
Not John.

Though segregation makes him blue,
John leaves the riding all to you.
Instead of feeling put upon,
Get John.

W. H. von Dreele

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■ *Inferno*, Feb. 24 (Toss)—A spokesman for the Red House has formally announced that Satan has overturned the sentence of one eon in the hot box handed down last week against inmates Marx, Karl and Engels, Friedrich for the commotion they caused in the Workers of the World Unite Cellblock No. 494, on the grounds that the provocation undergone was extreme. The spokesman explained that the inmates in question—who have been trusties of the cellblock since their arrival—had just received word that the Communist Party U.S.A. had adopted a Presidential platform which included the following item: no income tax to be levied on households with incomes of $15,000 or less; no property taxes to be levied on any property assessed at $25,000 or less.

The Five Principles

For both what it says and what it fails to say the Shanghai communiqué deserves more study than the usual official document of this sort, and we expect to be commenting further on it from time to time. In form as well as content it is something of an oddity. It begins with a brief diary of the Nixon visit, and then alternates among sections giving statements of "the U.S. side," "the Chinese side," and "both sides." Although this is not unprecedented, few communiqués issued at the close of joint negotiations have presented quite such a patchwork as this one.

It is of course the U.S. side's capitulation on the Taiwan issue that has drawn most attention. However, a question by one of the journalists at Henry Kissinger's briefing session on the communiqué focused on another and most curious feature that may prove more generally significant for the longer run. Q. "Henry, is this the first time that a President of the United States has formally picked up the language of the five principles of peaceful coexistence?" Though Mr. Kissinger professed himself "not sure," it was indeed the first.

These five principles were presented by the Communist Chinese delegates at the first Bandung Conference of Third-World nations in 1955, and were there adopted. "The U.S. side" includes them integrally in one of its sections of the communiqué (without, however, noting their origin or history). The principles are blandly enough worded ("the principles of respect for the sovereignty and territorial integrity of all states, nonaggression against other states, equality and mutual benefit, and peaceful coexistence . . ."). The gloss on what they actually mean is given in the four paragraphs of the first section by "the Chinese side," as well, of course, by the history of Chinese Communism in practice.

We recommend a full reading of those paragraphs, to which the subsequent paragraph on Taiwan should be appended. We quote a small sampling:

"Wherever there is oppression, there is resistance. Countries want independence, nations want liberation and the people want revolution—this has become the irresistible trend of history. . . . The Chinese side . . . firmly supports the struggles of all oppressed people and nations for freedom and liberation. . . . The Chinese side expressed its firm support to the peoples of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia in their efforts for the attainment of their goals and its firm support to the seven-point proposal of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of the Republic of South Vietnam. . . . It firmly supports the eight-point program for the peaceful unification of Korea put forward by the Government of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. . . . The liberation of Taiwan is China's internal affair . . . and all U.S. forces and military installations must be withdrawn from Taiwan. The Chinese government firmly opposes any activities which aim at the creation of 'one China, one Taiwan,' 'one China, two governments,' 'two Chinas' and 'independent Taiwan' or advocate that 'the status of Taiwan remains to be determined.'"

Strategically and politically, such is the meaning of the five principles that the President of the United States has now adopted.

The Shanghai communiqué, clearly, gives no cause for alarm, to the friends and allies of Peking.

Ourselves, We Prefer Roller Derby

Those bad muthas in the White House are plotting again. This time, they're out to destroy "public television" (PTV). The American Civil Liberties Union believes Nixon & Co. want to "starve" PTV until it winds up offering "even worse pap than commercial television" which would of course mean the "death of innovative and relevant public affairs programing on a national scale." The lords of PTV agree. Pouts one: "There is a group at the White House that thinks we're all just a bunch of liberals." Well?

Congress got into PTV in 1967, when it set up (with only year-to-year financing) the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB) to service the nation's two hundred or so "educational" TV stations. CPB was to operate free from political interference; it was specifically *not* to function as a network, but simply develop programs for local stations that they hadn't the funds and expertise to do themselves. CPB begat the Public Broadcast Service (PBS), which straightaway began behaving like a network. PBS bought programs from independent producers, and later formed its own National Public Affairs Center for Television (NPACT) to produce news and public affairs shows. NPACT decided the nation needed weekly political coverage, so it hired (at $85,000 a year) the very liberal Sander Vanocur. PBS feeds NPACT's Vanocur to the local stations, along with NET's hiply anti-American *Great American Dream Machine*, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *Firing Line*, old movies

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Not Quite Unanimous

"Desiring to declare publicly and formally their sense of unity and their common determination to defend themselves against external armed attack, so that no potential aggressor could be under the illusion that either of them stands alone in the West Pacific Area . . ."

For the United States of America: John Foster Dulles
For the Republic of China: George K. C. Yeh
Mutual Defense Treaty, Dec. 2, 1954

"The ultimate relationship between Taiwan and the mainland is not a matter for the United States to decide. . . . With respect to Taiwan, we stated our established policy that our forces overseas will be reduced gradually as tensions ease, and our ultimate objective is to withdraw our forces as a peaceful settlement is achieved."

Richard M. Nixon on the Shanghai communiqué
Washington, D.C., Feb. 27, 1972

"What we are saying is that it is a sellout of principle, and that the countdown has begun on Taiwan as to how long they can remain a free nation."

Representative John Ashbrook
Manchester, N.H., Feb. 29, 1972

"We have met their explicit conditions."

China expert, Dr. Allen S. Whiting
University of Michigan, Center for Chinese Studies
Ann Arbor, Feb. 28, 1972

"We are amazed that President Nixon would predict the withdrawal of our forces from Taiwan in the same statement in which Communist China demanded that withdrawal and reiterated its determination to 'liberate' Taiwan. President Nixon's studied refusal to mention our treaty commitments to Nationalist China in the communiqué can only compound the injury done both to Nationalist China and to the credibility of all our nation's alliances in Asia and elsewhere. . . . The Conservative Party has opposed, from the outset, the Nixon visit to Red China. The diplomatic ineptitude and lack of moral fortitude embodied in the final communiqué have, however, greatly magnified the predictably disastrous consequences of the Peking visit."

J. Daniel Mahoney
Chairman, Conservative Party of New York
New York, March 1, 1972

"It's bad when you go to the summit when you are running for the Presidency and anxious to get any agreement. It appears we are doing the withdrawing and they are doing the staying. That does not strike me as a good horse trade."

Sen. Henry Jackson
Miami, Feb. 28, 1972

"It is now clear that the rug has been pulled out from under the Taiwanese."

Sen. Hubert Humphrey
Miami, Feb. 28, 1972

"A staggering capitulation . . . [made] with the excessive enthusiasm that marks Mr. Nixon's approach to all problems."

Editor Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
Manchester, N.H., Feb. 29, 1972

"If the Democrats had proposed that, they would have accused us of selling Formosa out to the Communists."

Sen. Russell B. Long
Washington, Feb. 28, 1972

"A disastrous venture in American diplomacy which has done enormous damage to American credibility. . . . If this is an example of Richard Nixon's summitry . . . I do not know if I will be campaigning for him."

Sen. James L. Buckley
Washington, Feb. 29, 1972

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trotted out as Cinema Art, and miscellaneous uplift.

The White House is not happy. President Nixon's Office of Telecommunications Policy (OTP) entered the battle last autumn when director Clay Whitehead criticized the "centralizing" tendencies of PBS and its parent/watchdog, CPB. If CPB plays network, Whitehead warned, "then permanent financing will always be off somewhere in the future." A couple of weeks ago, Whitehead escalated. He said, on a PBS program, that he didn't think federal funds should be used to finance public affairs programing; later he allowed as how PTV really didn't need to do news and public affairs shows at all, because the commercial networks do them so well. "Political interference!" howled the PTV people.

What Whitehead and the White House say they want is more money for local noncommercial stations, less for CPB and its alphabetic offspring. An Administration bill under consideration in the House calls for $45 million for PTV, $30 million to go to CPB and $15 million to local outlets (last year, CPB got $30.5 million and the locals got $4.5 million). CPB wants more: $575 million over the next five years, with 30 per cent to go to the stations.

There is a bumper crop of hypocrisy in all this. When PTV and ACLU types talk about "innovative and relevant" programing, they are talking about liberal and left programing. The fellows down at CPB are indeed "a bunch of liberals": If given a litmus test, they would turn out to be well to the left of the fair and balanced network types who gave us *The Selling of the Pentagon* and *Hunger in America*. So secure are they in their hegemony of public television that they can easily afford

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Revenue sharing won't get very far in 1972. In spite of election-year pressure from state and local officials (the $5 or $6 billion that would be handed out to states and cities is already being fought over), the House Ways and Means Committee and its wily Chairman, Wilbur Mills, aren't in a mood to move on the President's revenue-sharing proposals. Mills doesn't like the Administration's deficit budget and isn't about to add to it.

Part of his motivation is political. As a publicly reticent and privately active Presidential hopeful, Mills wants to be a power broker at the Miami Convention. His influence stems from ties with essential sources of campaign funds. He can also influence the degree of support for the national ticket from about thirty of his congressional allies in the Northeast and Midwest. Mills is enjoying his role as "the only fiscally responsible candidate"—a role that is attractive to corporation executives worried about a Republican deficit as well as a Democratic one. Though not an effective Presidential contender, he is the only one who has concentrated on untapped sources of power, which are essentially invisible to the public. A deal with the Administration on revenue sharing isn't out of the question, but it is predicated on just how much the White House wants Mills' cooperation.

■ The Domestic Issue Group advising Edmund Muskie has come up with a blend of neo-radical and blandly traditional positions—unusual, but not very surprising except for the frequently poor quality and contradictory nature of the advice. The minutes of the group's meeting on December 15, 1971 outline some rather eccentric thinking. The most controversial item in the minutes was the suggestion by former Brandeis President Morris B. Abram that the Joint Chiefs of Staff be locked in a room until they have cut the defense budget by $20 billion. And the whole tenor of the meeting reflects the same sort of thinking.

Professor S. M. Miller, economic braintruster for the group, warned that a growth economy is essential to any effective plan of redistribution of wealth —"it is . . . disastrous to try to redistribute a stable, rather than a growing pie." Miller's position is curious because it conflicts with the trend toward restraint on growth favored by some of Muskie's ecology-minded advisers. In fact, the advice came only two months before the publication of the celebrated MIT study which advocated curbing growth to avoid ecological disaster.

Miller, Abram and others then faced the crucial difficulty that besets all liberal or leftist Presidential contenders: the resistance of taxpayers to the heavier taxation necessary to redistribute income. The assault on the military budget, for example, came partly from ideology and partly from anxiety about finding money to redistribute.

One comforting thought: Senator Muskie was not at the meeting, and may not be taking this advice too seriously. An aide, Donald E. Nicoll, noted that Muskie does want to cut the military budget, but would not estimate by how much. Nicoll also noted that the Senator might support some form of redistribution through eliminating various special exemptions now on the books and through a rethinking of property taxes. Muskie is likely to be pre-empted on the latter by both the Administration, with its proposed Value-Added Tax, and the courts, which are striking at property taxes.

■ Corporate lobbyists are wary of congressional plans to limit the salaries of officials of quasi-public agencies, e.g., Amtrak and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB). They fear a limitation on Amtrak salaries might eventually have a backlash effect on industry, particularly railroads.

CPB salaries will almost certainly be curbed, however, on the grounds that the posts are in effect public service jobs and should be compensated on the same basis as other public jobs, such as Cabinet posts and membership on the various independent regulatory commissions.

—CATO

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an occasional Voltairean gesture (like broadcasting *Firing Line*). They chafe at the restraints imposed by Congress' annual review of their financing; they dream of complete independence. What a joy it would be for them to feed the rest of America the unadulterated left-liberal line, free of all worries about sponsors, congressmen, network executives, rating services, viewers and all such reactionaries.

Likewise, the White House doesn't give a damn about "decentralization," "quality local programing" and similar pieties. The commercial networks are more than liberal enough, it seems to believe; the taxpayers don't need to be treated at their own expense to further gang-bangings of the wicked Establishment. Indeed, there seems little reason for Congress to turn over bushels of money to a pack of ideologues. Noncommercial television is a nice idea, and some local stations have provided imaginative, even balanced programing. The central program-development source envisioned by Congress back in 1967 was a good idea too, albeit seriously flawed. The problem is, how are we to keep the ideologues in check? Rep. Clarence J. Brown (R., Ohio) has what looks like a winner: He would give PTV $55 million this year—$35 million directly to local stations, and $20 million to CPB, which would be forbidden to originate "political" broadcasts or to function as a network. Best of all, Rep. Brown's bill would restructure the Board of Directors of CPB so that two-thirds of its members would be local station managers (there is now one on the Board)—which might make public television more responsive to local needs and interests.

The Senate Delivers a Mouse

By the narrow margin of three votes the Senate last week avoided a direct challenge to the authority of the courts on the matter of busing children to achieve "racial balance." Returning hastily from the campaign trail, Senators Muskie, McGovern and Humphrey provided the margin that defeated an amendment offered by Sen. Robert Griffin of Michigan reading: "No court shall have jurisdiction to make any decision, enter any judgment or serve any order the effect of which would be

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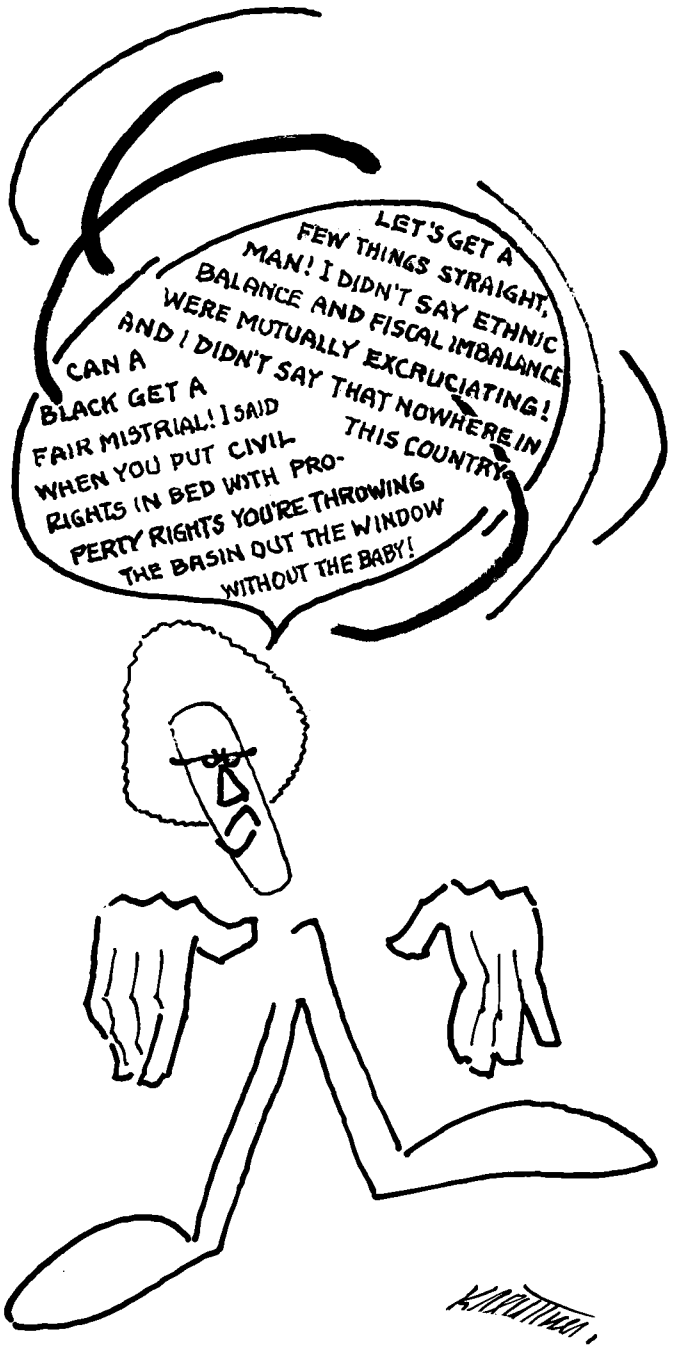
to require that pupils be transported to or from school on the basis of their race, color, religion or national origin."

The 50 to 47 vote by which this proposal failed is a measure of antibusing sentiment in the upper chamber.

The Senate, moreover, did approve by a wide margin the "compromise" measure offered by Senators Scott and Mansfield, which, while far weaker, is not altogether toothless. It would a) bar the use of federal funds to carry out busing, unless requested by local authorities (N.B., the local authorities would be obliged to request the funds if a court ordered them to bus); b) delay the implementation of any court order for busing children across school district lines or merging school districts until Jan. 30, 1973 (N.B., thus locating the implementation safely after the 1972 election, but, also, albeit timidly, limiting the authority heretofore exercised by the courts to order more rapid implementation); and c) prohibit federal agencies (N.B., HEW, but *not* the courts) from requiring the busing of children if this would impair the quality of their education (N.B., you can bus out of the inner city, but not into it).

No doubt the struggle here has only just begun. President Nixon, for what it is worth, has signaled that he is against busing; and, perhaps, in view of conservative dismay over the trip to Peking, he will be moved to offer something more plausible than the enormously complex constitutional amendment said to have been prepared by Administration aides. Numerous other proposals have been and will be offered, and the system begins, however ponderously, to respond to a widespread sense that busing is coercive, that it is unlikely to produce much in the way of educational results, that it is expensive and inconvenient, that orders requiring it rest on dubious (to say the least) constitutional grounds, and that it represents a further, yet a further, encroachment of remote federal power upon the day-to-day existence of the individual.

Perishable Interviews: Clarifying the So-Called Murk


LET'S GET A FEW THINGS STRAIGHT, MAN! I DIDN'T SAY ETHNIC BALANCE AND FISCAL IMBALANCE WERE MUTUALLY EXCRUCIATING! AND I DIDN'T SAY THAT NOWHERE IN THIS COUNTRY CAN A BLACK GET A FAIR MISTRIAL! I SAID WHEN YOU PUT CIVIL RIGHTS IN BED WITH PROPERTY RIGHTS YOU'RE THROWING THE BASIN OUT THE WINDOW WITHOUT THE BABY!

He Stood in Texas amid the Alien Corn

When the ocean liner *Titanic* slid along that submerged shelf of floating ice in the North Atlantic, only a few on board noticed the slight tremor; yet it was not long before the great ship sank beneath the waves.

All of a sudden, a slight tremor of possible danger has shaken the heretofore confident Muskie campaign, and Muskie's own incredible performance in his attack on publisher William Loeb last week is, so to speak, only the visible tip of the iceberg.

Loeb's *Manchester Union-Leader* had suggested, on flimsy grounds, that Muskie had shown a condescending attitude toward Americans of French-Canadian descent, who just happen to be a numerous group in New Hampshire; and the paper had reprinted some unflattering comments on Jane Muskie from *Newsweek*. Ho-hum, you might think, would have been the response of an experienced politician.

Muskie blew his top. Standing in a blizzard outside the newspaper's Manchester offices, he denounced Loeb as a "gutless coward," among other elegancies, and, bringing up the subject of Jane Muskie, broke into tears; rubbing his eyes, shoulders heaving, he found himself unable to speak.

Loeb's rejoinder anyone could anticipate. "I think Sen. Muskie's excited and near-hysterical performance this

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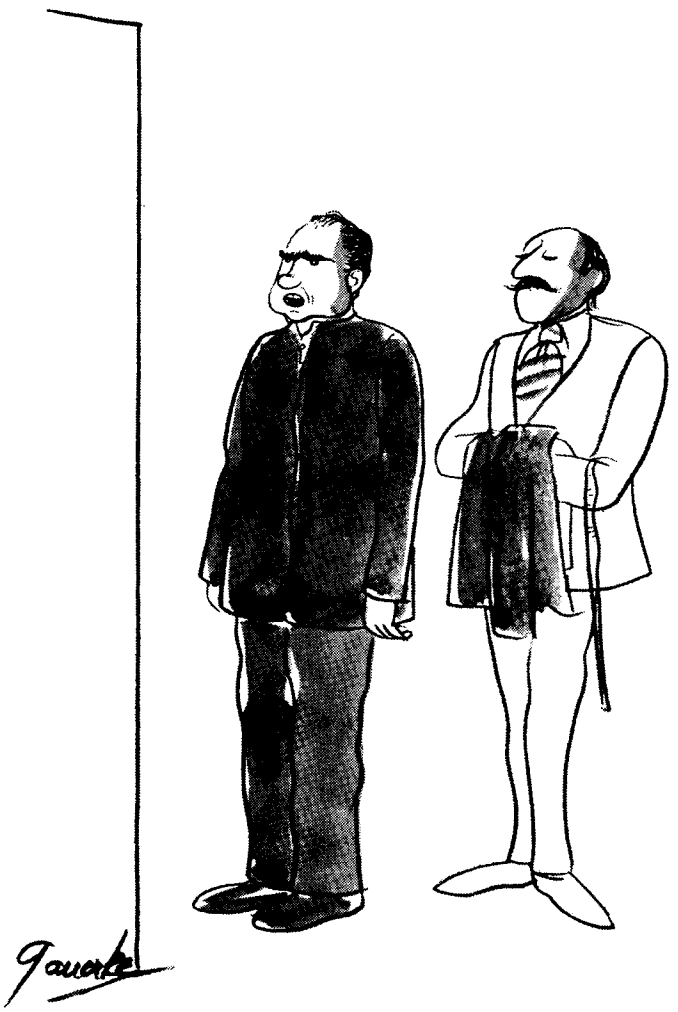
morning," purred the publisher, "again indicates he's not the man that many of us want to have his finger on the nuclear button." Indeed, at the very least, Muskie had shown that, as the New Hampshire campaign approached its climax, he is inept enough to provide Loeb with an opportunity to land that particular haymaker. And, as columnist David Broder noted, "Muskie must have known that it is doubtful that most television viewers seeing a grown man standing in a snow storm and unable to speak would automatically say to themselves, 'that's my kind of President.' "

The whole episode, however, undoubtedly reflects Muskie's sense of frustration and potential peril, for a number of in-depth surveys are indicating that he failed to establish himself in the minds of New Hampshire voters as either the inevitable Democratic nominee or as the man likely to beat Richard Nixon in November. George McGovern's percentages remain low, but his organization is an effective one, and what support he does have will doubtless get to the polls. The McGovern people, indeed, are hoping for a blizzard and a poor turnout on election day. They reason that much of the skin-deep Muskie support will stay home under those conditions.



"So far, so good. Now, as a sop to the conservatives, how about a narrow tie?"

Worse still, as the voting approached, evidence accumulated that potential Muskie voters—"regular" Democrats—often did not find him especially convincing, and actually began to listen to the likes of Sam Yorty, Vance Hartke and Wilbur Mills. The ultimate prospect remains murky as we write a few days before the New Hampshire vote. But the *Manchester Union-Leader* was clamorously backing Yorty, Hartke had been campaigning from dawn to dusk and making a surprisingly favorable impression, and Mills' radio spots, stressing his economic expertise—and that "Mills is a doer"—had a good deal of impact. If the Yorty-Hartke-Mills vote turned out to be large enough to embarrass Muskie in New Hampshire, a serious weakness will have been demonstrated in his candidacy, perhaps a gaping hole beneath the water-line.

The Housing Scandal

The first inklings of a multibillion-dollar housing scandal begin to emerge. Tucked away in the Administration's 1973 budget is a line item for the tidy sum of $195 million, destined to replenish the capital of the Federal Housing Administration's Special Risk Insurance Fund. It is to be used to cover losses arising from defaulted mortgages which had been insured under the government's low-income subsidized housing programs.

With one notable exception, every major program which the U.S. Government has undertaken to "solve the housing problem" has proven to be, at best, costly and useless. More typically, these efforts have accelerated the growth of slums, diverted large sums of money from more worthwhile programs, and brought about bitter, protracted, and divisive conflicts in the communities where such housing is to be placed. The exception to the standard outcome was the one program that involved no major funding: the FHA mortgage insurance fund for middle-income families, which stimulated the development of the low-down-payment, fully amortized residential mortgage. So successful has this institutional reform been that private mortgage insurance firms have now arisen, and it is to the Administration's credit that it apparently is willing to relinquish this particular activity to the private sector.

But there are going to be no kudos thrown on the low-income subsidized housing programs. Despite the overwhelming evidence (see "Pruitt-Igoe, RIP," *NR*, Dec. 15, 1970) that slums are a manifestation of the lifestyle of a certain class (or sub-class) of people, rather than the result of evil, penny-pinching landlords, the Federal Government has persisted, with considerable assistance from the homebuilders' lobby, in the notion that the answer to slums is to be found in the production of new housing units: with the predictable result that within a matter of months or at most a few years the local community is saddled with a new set of slums and the FHA has to make good on still more defaulted mortgages.

Since the problem of slums is one of people rather

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than production, you might think that George Romney and his Department of Housing and Urban Development would be spending a little time and money to show people how to use flush toilets and garbage disposals, and to budget for monthly rent or mortgage payments. But while you will find $1.8 billion in the 1973 budget for rent and mortgage subsidy payments, you won't find a dollar for counseling services.

Maybe if there were some prospect that the $1.8 billion in this year's budget was going to make a difference in the quality of the nation's housing supply, it wouldn't hurt so much. Maybe that difference might even be great enough to make the prospect of $8 billion in subsidies in 1978—the currently projected level—barely tolerable. But the near certainty that the primary beneficiaries in the long run will be the developers and a few alert high-bracket investors looking for tax shelters makes these billion-dollar expenditures a national scandal.

McGovern People

That list of 42,020 campaign contributors released by George McGovern is worth pausing over, for it tells a good deal about the nature of the McGovern candidacy.

The average contribution was just under thirty dollars. Thus, for all his talk of redistributing income and so on, McGovern's support is anything but populist in character. The steelworker, the autoworkers' local, the typical sort of support depended upon by Democratic candidates —these do not show up on McGovern's list. Nor—and this was one point McGovern hoped to dramatize through the disclosure—does his candidacy have the support of the concrete interests traditionally active in American politics: the corporations, big labor, the ethnic groups and so on.

The list of those who contributed $1,000 or more is a delight for the taxonomist, e.g., "J. Malcolm Forbes, Cambridge, Mass., preparatory school teacher, $5,126." *Preparatory school teacher!* "G. Sterling Grumman, Boston, stockbroker, $2,000 . . . Ester Johnson, Oldwick, N. J., $3,000 . . . Sidney Kessler, St. Thomas, V.I., $1,000 . . . Norbert Kriegel, St. Thomas, V.I., $10,000 . . . Stewart R. Mott, N.Y., philanthropist, $5,000 . . . Sergius Vernet, Yellow Springs, Ohio, $1,000 . . . Frances Smith, Washington, D.C., journalist, $1,000." Mrs. Smith, the daughter of F. Scott Fitzgerald, was last spotted by *NR* in a peace march accompanied by the latest Mrs. William O. Douglas.

The sociological identity of McGovern's support—which is similar to Eugene McCarthy's in 1968, though narrower—would have been instantly apparent to the author of *The Great Gatsby*. It is affluent, upper-middle and upper. Its money, on the whole, comes less from established interests and institutions than from newer and more mobile enterprises. This support is located in the posher suburbs and exurbs: Westchester, Cambridge, Grosse Pointe, Santa Barbara. If you sent out invitations to the 86 persons on McGovern's $1,000-and-up list, you could construct, instantly, a typical liberal cocktail party. This is not a populist constituency; and McGovern is not, as he claims, the candidate of the "little man." He is the candidate of that segment of the rich and newly rich who, for one reason or another, are consumers of left-wing rhetoric.

The McGovern constituency is also a fatally narrow one. After all, he is not running for Congress from Lindsay's old Silk Stocking District in Manhattan; he is supposed to be running for the Presidency.

The so-called reforms in the delegate-selection process sponsored by the McGovern Commission confirm this analysis. The reformers demand special treatment for three groups: blacks, youth and women. In response to the reforms, for example, Arizona's recently selected 25 delegates include two high-school students, two blacks, six Mexican-Americans and eight women—this last statistic being highly unsatisfactory to purists, who are expected to mount a challenge on behalf of 50 per cent.

Now, it might be conceded that blacks have heretofore and in some instances been discriminated against in the political process—deliberately and by design excluded. But surely the case of women is not analogous, nor is that of "youth"—defined by the reformers as anyone under thirty. Both women and young people have been less prominent as Convention delegates than have other categories not because of discrimination, but for reasons functional to the society: They have been otherwise occupied.

The quotas insisted upon by the McGovern reformers, therefore, are not—in two of three instances—responsive to political and social actuality. They are responsive, instead, to the highly fashionable enthusiasms of McGovern's affluent constituency, which also consumes paperbacks about blacks, youth and women. That particular set of preferred groups, for example, would not quicken the pulse of a middle-aged blue-collar worker.

All of which helps to explain McGovern's current standing in the polls.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Concerning your use of "Concerning the question of (subject), a few observations," a few observations.

It is becoming a question of keeping an introduction fresh and keeping the lead sentence of the second paragraph from always being a slavish "It is becoming a question."

Stale style stifles otherwise strong material even as all these stutterings steal attention from my message.

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O.K.?? O.K. Even a journalist whose reputation is established on a grammatical flourish only matched by his political temerity can on occasion slip into easy forms and need a prod from a fan before the common enemy perceives the decay. So. Done. Pestfully,

Richard K. Moore
Torrance, California

■ Dear Bill:

Re your recent column on youth: As I see my own sons drift aimlessly about the house, in and out, with their friends I am lost in wonder as to how they have reached so tatterdemalion an estate and then upon turning the gaze inward the view is the more harrowing. Well, hell, it is not all that bad if you are able to get them to turn down the stereo and overlook the dreadful hair and the clothes that look like they were shaped by an axe.

Are they genuinely happy?—the question almost answers itself—no happier than we are and by "we" I refer to that generation that attained puberty upon the accession of FDR.

They have, of course, been liberated from the thralldom of our sexual mores, an accomplishment certainly not mean, and in pursuit of this wholesome pastime they forget completely that it started with the invention of the PILL by middle-aged Rotarian doctors.

The joint of marijuana, once the proud badge of honor, is put away and laughed at as they turn to wine and sound bourbon, and scotch hard rock music and other such drugs.

Two fellow college students arrive from Chico State College, that great rolling mill of learning in the Sacramento valley, bearded, hostile, with raging thirsts and once settled at table while consuming steak, bread, cake and other capitalistic fare I am astonished to learn of the value of organic food now growing in the door-yard of the communes and I hear of the trials and tribulations of the poor the comforting of whom they have not lifted a single hand to succor.

Sinners regained, all, but where are their apostles—their Steinbecks, their Thomas Wolfes, their Mark Twains, their Joseph Conrads, their Hilaire Bellocs, their Truman Capotes, their John O'Haras?

Sing me their songs, name me their books that will be remembered when they are thirty—lead me to their willow where I may hang my harp and to their Hidden Springs that I may drink and where are their libraries that Shakespeare said was a dukedom, large enough?

Even their abuse, as they essay my regeneration (or destruction) comes from shallow reservoirs of profanity and the oaths do not come, even as fishes come, in shoals.

But I think they are searchers and dreamers and something fine will come of it all once they are lured by the pipe of the proper fowler. And who can play that lute? God knows.

It is, I believe, the quality of life, not the quantity that is important. Who will build the beautiful buildings? Who will stop using such patronizing words as ghetto and Chicano? Who will grow the lilac, and pave the streets and tear down the slums and write the odes? They will. They will return to work, that salvation that is now in such disarray. And there will be earned surplus and out of that surplus grows the lotus.

One looks at the young and fears that they will fall upon him and devour him—a well-placed fear.

Yours faithfully,
Charles Wallen Jr.
Millbrae, Calif.

■ Dear Sirs:

Re "Notes and Asides," Dec. 31:

"*Who had* does not contract to '*who'd.*'

"*He has* does not contract to '*he's.*' "???

If, as I suspect, "Good English" comprises, inter alia, widely accepted locutions that would not cause the linguistically sophisticated instinctively to recoil, and "Bad English" those that would (e.g., "he flaunted all the rules"; "he is one of those people who does . . ."; "Charles' book"; "the spitting image"; "he inferred in his letter that he would arrive next week"; "he said that, very soon, that he would make an announcement . . ."; "he used to always and emphatically say that . . ."; etc.), then I think you are wrong about "he's" and "who'd."

"He has got the whole world in His hands"? No! "He's had too much to drink"—yes; "he has had too much to drink" is awkward and unnatural in conversation. "He's been here for a week"—sorry, I don't recoil. Unless "I've" (as in "I've had enough, thanks"), we've (as in "we've been looking all over for you"), and "you've" (as in "you've changed quite a bit") are not part of our language, then, surely and logically, "he's" is a proper contraction for "he has."

"Who'd ever heard of Pearl Harbor before December 7, 1941?" "He's the man who'd warned us of it long before it happened." OED to the contrary notwithstanding, my not-entirely-insensitive ear is not offended by these sentences.

My failure to cite dozens of additional examples of the proper use of "he's" for "he has" and "who'd" for "who had" should be regarded as merely aposiopetic.

With best regards,
Robert J. Cahn
New York, N.Y.

Correct. I should have said, "Does not normally contract to he's." —*WFB*

■ Bill: I still say it's the anti-Agnew people who are increasing the polarization in the country because every time they denounce the Vice President they make his friends more anti the anti-Agnew people.

John Lofton Jr.
Editor, *Monday*
Washington, D.C.

—WFB

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Omelette à la Richard Nixon

JAMES BURNHAM

In his State of the World message to Congress (February 9) President Nixon, affirming that "we exerted the maximum diplomatic efforts to retain its seat in the United Nations," expressed his "regret" at "the decision of the General Assembly to deprive the Republic of China of its representation, although [he continued] we welcomed the admission of the People's Republic of China."

There is no reason to doubt Mr. Nixon's regret, nor the genuineness of his wish, last summer, that what we used to call Free China should not be ousted from the UN. However, the President is not exact in saying we exerted the "maximum" diplomatic effort to that purpose.

In political and military affairs—as in any dynamic system—it is not possible to restrict the effects of a new vector to the immediate space-time neighborhood of the point at which the vector has been introduced. The repercussions spread widely, often throughout the entire system. The President's "Peking turn" can be thought of as a new vector introduced into the global political system. Once introduced, the further systemic consequences are largely or altogether independent of the will of the initial agent.

In the case of a political system, where the vector is a decision by a leader (or leading group), the leader knows that a variety of effects will follow from his initiative. Inevitably he pays most attention to the probable effects that are desirable from his point of view, persuading himself he can avoid or minimize the possible undesirable effects.

The Peking Way

Within the political system, the expulsion of Free China was an inevitable consequence of Mr. Nixon's Peking turn. I pointed this out last year, several months before the UN Assembly meeting, noting that Free China's membership could be preserved only if the U.S. made this an issue on which it was prepared to quit the UN. But to lay down that condition was incompatible with the Peking turn. Under the turn Mr. Nixon was giving Peking's entry a higher priority than Taipei's retention. Taipei's expulsion necessarily followed.

Naturally the causal chain does not stop there. The mode of development of the Peking turn enables us to predict that the Communist government in Peking is going to reabsorb Taiwan. This may take a while and will probably go through several stages, but the process has already begun. By expulsion from the UN, the Taipei government was illegitimized, and this is being marked week by week as the UN expels Taipei from auxiliary international bodies, and governments withdraw diplomatic recognition. The hand-washing formula in the President's message reveals what is to come: "The ultimate relationship between Taiwan and the Mainland is not a matter for the U.S. to decide. A peaceful resolution of this problem by the parties would do much to reduce tensions in the Far East." Henry Kissinger pointedly stresses "direct negotiations" between "the parties." It should be self-evident that there is only one possible "resolution" by "direct negotiation": cf. Tibet.

Who says A must say B. On South Vietnam, too, the A has been spoken. When Nixon-Kissinger included among the eight points of their peace proposal to Hanoi the provisions that Thieu would step down and that a control commission including "all political forces" would supervise a general election, Thieu's fate was sealed. If there could have been any doubt, Secretary of State Rogers removed it by his remark that the U.S. would be "flexible" about just when Thieu would "resign." Subsequent bluster about not negotiating "over the heads of our ally with our enemies to overthrow our ally" alters nothing in the logic of the course that the President has begun in relation to Southeast Asia, just as brave talk about "our defense commitment" alters nothing in relation to Taiwan. Negotiating over the heads of our allies is precisely what Kissinger was doing on those secret trips to France.

In the existing situation, Thieu is the symbol and the political expression of South Vietnam's resistance to being Communized. For Thieu to "resign" (i.e., be thrown out) will mean that this resistance is yielding to another attitude and policy. The ineluctable logic of the Nixon course is elegantly shown in the fact that the proposal to have Thieu step down is coupled with the proposal to have the Communists simultaneously step in.

Just as in the case of Free China, it is a question of priorities. Mr. Nixon wants to do right by his ally, maybe even believes (as he says he believes) that he is going to do right by him—that to "collude with our enemies to overturn our friends" is something "we shall never do." But he wants even more to liquidate the Vietnam affair and get on with the Peking turn. So therefore . . . Q.E.D.

So Here We Go

Moreover, also just as in the case of Taiwan, the continuation of the process that has been set in motion does not wait for formal agreement by "the parties." In both cases, the process goes on under the impetus introduced by Mr. Nixon's vector. Publication of the peace terms fatally undermines Thieu's authority and position exactly as the Nixon-Kissinger remarks, followed by the Shanghai Joint Communiqué, fatally undermine the Nationalist Chinese. After all, few men are going to keep their money on what they can begin to recognize as a losing horse.

It is not that Mr. Nixon is going to "betray" Free China and South Vietnam. It is ridiculous to talk about "betrayal" in these matters. The only country anyone can betray is his own. If the security of my country calls for a reversal of alliances, then it is not betrayal but responsible patriotism to reverse them, and it is tough luck for those who get hurt in the passage.

Nor do I suggest that Mr. Nixon understands just what he is doing (if he did, he might not do it). The wielders of power seldom understand what they do. That is one advantage analysts of power have over the wielders. □

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AMERIKA ON TRIAL

The Selling of Angela

W. I. SCOBIE

ANGELA DAVIS goes on trial this month, after more than a year of legal wrangling over her case, and in that time every stop on the mighty organ of liberal-left propaganda has been pulled out. The infants of Ulan Bator, Mongolia demand the release of the intrepid Angela no less than the funky-looking dudes in leather pieces who wait outside the supermarkets in Watts with collecting boxes. Attorney Howard Moore, sister Fania et al. have stumped the globe, spreading the word, addressing vast rallies in European capitals—twenty thousand in Paris—all of which accept the innocence of Angela as an article of faith and find the idea of "guilt" absurdly irrelevant. You do not ask *La Pasionaria* if she's been giving out guns lately. European intellectuals pass like swami into states of revolutionary samadhi at mention of the magic name. How inspiring, how intensely moving, how almost unbearable (wrote Kenneth Tynan the other day), it is to receive such "fiery, free-spirited messages from inside the enemy camp."

Miss Davis is becoming a national industry. If her freedom fund is as broke as they say, perhaps it is because the product has been oversold. There are Angela movies, Angela plays, Angela books, Angela long-playing records. In *Soul and Soledad*, we may hear her "crack up" when an interviewer asks, "Are you against capitalism?" At the Oakland office of the Free Angela Committee, "Free Angela" posters bring in $400 a month, and there are some two hundred such offices around the world, if we may believe her publicists. In the bookstores *If They Come in the Morning*, by Angela Y. Davis and other political prisoners, "a searing impassioned story set in America at this moment" (Third Press, $7.95), is piled high on the counters. A worker for the Los Angeles chapter of the Angela movement told me recently that the last two performances of *Angela Is Happening*, a play by Elvie Moore, realized some $10,000; and soon it is to be made into a film. There is already one well-made, hour-long documentary on the left-movie circuit: Miss Davis stars in *Angela: Portrait of a Revolutionary*, and all over the world, one supposes, people are receiving lavishly printed invitations from "Committees of the Arts To Free Angela Davis and All Political Prisoners" (donation $4 a head). Mine promised an extra treat: "Your host, Dalton Trumbo." And having read that this was the best available study of a phenomenon unequaled in the annals of political injustice, I went along.

The gathering was in the Hollywood hills, at a large, pseudo-Spanish mansion complete with curlicued ironwork, bad modern paintings and satin drapes —a store-bought home, liable to be repossessed tomorrow if the payments are not kept up. For ninety minutes we stood about—middle-aged radicals of both sexes in little black dresses or rumpled suits, elegant young revolutionaries in leather—and made small talk, or drank small bourbons at $1 a shot. The comfortable chairs in the front rows before the screen had been captured by a band of heavy black women in bright shawls and Yoruba turbans, and from time to time their voices would rise over the mumbling of the hapless, Thurberish whites.

"If you ask me, they are just crucifying Angela! And it has got to *stop!* We have got to *do* something!"

But what? The solution seemed to lie in the strange-looking Yuban coffee tins (who had so industriously painted them red?) at the back of the room: collection boxes.

Almost everyone had been delayed by the Saturday night traffic on Sunset Boulevard, and the ladies of the committee appealed constantly for patience. Where was Mr. Trumbo? At home, I suggested, writing another antiwar novel; or in the steam room of the Beverly Hills Health Club. This attempt to lighten the conversation was poorly received. At any rate, Trumbo failed to arrive. But Mr. William Marshall, a black actor of magnificent presence who has appeared with Victor Mature in Biblical movie-epics finally took the floor and introduced the film with a homily on the Meaning of Angela.

IT WAS a rather superior home movie of the hand-held camera, not-so-nouvelle vague variety: as good a picture as one might hope for of Angela in all her many manifestations—militant woman, black militant; New Leftist and Old; professor and, mysteriously, student at the same time; the victim of Reagan's fascist cohorts and Hoover's SS. We saw Angela in the classroom, lecturing to nodding sophomores on the Ten Richest Men in America, and the portion of the nation's wealth each one kept for himself. We saw her reprimand white students at a campus rally for dancing to a record-player, while the Brothers were rotting in jail. We saw Professor Donald Kalish explain why her academic excellence made her an inevitable choice for a post at the university; and we watched while he enjoyed a giggle over his pet tape-recording of a flustered Max Rafferty justifying the Regents' firing of Miss Davis.

(*Continues on page 298*)

Mr. Scobie is a freelance journalist and former Time *correspondent. He is currently working on a book about guerrilla warfare and counterinsurgency with* NR *contributor Charles Foley.*

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MAN OF THE MIDDLE

Goddamighty, said the Aging Correspondent, it's Harry Cain; and so it was—Harry Cain on the Right, and the Old Red Pepper on the Left, and there in the middle stood

Scoop Jackson— The Only Candidate Who

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

HOLLYWOOD, FLA.—Every Presidential trail leads at last to the fund-raising dinner, and so on a Tuesday night we were led to this one: Eight hundred paying guests, twenty free-loading members of the press, a six-piece band, a scattering of sound men, a huddling clutch of projectionists and stagehands. The grand ballroom of the Diplomat Hotel was glowing with candles, gleaming with silver. Across the tables there drifted delectable smells—smells of Chivas Regal, of Arpège, of sweet folding money.

Promptly at 8:30 the house lights came down and the crowd stood up. Great burgundy curtains swung apart. Behind the dais a billboard stood revealed, patriotically painted in red, white and blue: COMMON SENSE FOR A CHANGE: JACKSON FOR PRESIDENT. From the back of the ballroom, to swelling applause, the head-table saints came marching in. The glare of a traveling spotlight suddenly disclosed an old familiar face.

"Goddamighty," said the aging correspondent. "It's Harry Cain."

Indeed it was. The newsreel of the mind, spinning instantly in reverse, rolled back twenty years: 1952, and Hurricane Harry Cain seeking re-election to a second term in the Senate—the one and only original Harry Cain, the wild man of Tacoma, foremost foe of craven Communists (save only for Joe McCarthy), a rip-snorting right-wing, rock-ribbed Republican! And in the opposite corner, wearing pink trunks, surrounded by his Commie pals, that liberal, left-leaning, fellow-traveling friend of the Reds, the Democrat from Everett, Congressman Henry M. Jackson!

It was among the dirtiest campaigns of 1952, a dirty year. Cain charged Jackson with every crime in the anti-Communist's book. But when they counted the votes that November, Jackson had licked him soundly. Cain served a few years on the Subversive Activities Control Board, then moved to Florida and dropped out of the national news. But here he was tonight at 66, pale from an illness, walking to the head table to be introduced as "a long-time and devoted friend of Senator Jackson." Who, asked the aging correspondent, would have thunk it?

Who knows what to think of Henry Jackson? In the whole field of Democratic hopefuls, you will not find a candidate less susceptible to the dog-tag identification of a campaign year. "I am a liberal," he says. He said it when he announced in November. He says it firmly. On the record, it seems a fair packaging label: In the rating books of the AFL-CIO, he commands respect as a consistent one hundred percenter. For thirty years, in both the House and Senate, he has voted down the liberal line for every civil rights bill ever brought to the floor. He is a Democrat's Democrat, national party chairman in the Kennedy campaign. But there he sits at the speakers' table, supping Dover sole with Harry Cain.

Things are not always what they seem. Jackson the civil righter is also Jackson the anti-buser. Jackson the leading conservationist is also Jackson the defender of the SST. In the Florida campaign, Jackson the gentleman is Jackson the stinging scold: "Hypocrisy is an issue!" He is the frugal guy who will save his untouched free drinks on an airplane; and he is also a big spender in the Fair Deal fashion. A liberal on domestic issues, he plumps for national security as the hawkiest hawk of them all. Jackson is by nature a modest and unassuming fellow, more inclined to listen than to talk; but on the campaign trail he has been coming on, third-person, slide-trombone, as brassy as any

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Norman Mailer: "Scoop Jackson," says Scoop Jackson, "is the only candidate who could defeat Richard Nixon in November . . . Scoop Jackson is the only candidate to sponsor an antibusing amendment . . . Scoop Jackson is the only candidate who supports the space shuttle . . ."

Six seats down from Harry Cain, on the other side of the lectern, another old warrior beams grandly through the candles: This is former Senator, now Congressman from Florida's Eleventh District, still hale at 71, the Honorable Claude Denson Pepper, and behold: the old Red Pepper, the liberals' lib, is hailing Scoop Jackson as a man "who stands at the very foremost of the Democrats seeking the Presidency, a man of great intellect, nobility of spirit, depth and breadth of vision; a man of compassion and understanding; a man dedicated to the security of our country; a great representative of the people: He would be a great President of the United States."

Squarely in the middle, basking in the approbation of Harry Cain on the Right and Claude Pepper on the Left, stands the man himself: Henry Martin "Scoop" Jackson, fifty-nine. He is probably correct in his own immodest appraisal of his worth. Precisely because he stands so squarely in the middle, Jackson could indeed give Nixon one helluva race in November. George Wallace to one side, Jackson is the only Democrat with a prayer of making inroads in the South. He is the only candidate with a solid claim to support from both big business and big labor. Yet this is a part of the paradox: He is accorded virtually no chance of winning the nomination at Miami in July; and if he did win the nomination, his candidacy might well provoke a third-party rebellion among the doveish elements who despise him.

Jackson's greatest problem, as he rushes toward his first hurdle in Florida, is to get himself known. His principal opponents have no such problem: Everyone knows George Wallace, Ed Muskie, Hubert Humphrey, John Lindsay. Their very names command good crowds. But Jackson? Who's this Jackson? In a highly doubtful exercise in press agentry, one of his advertising counselors sold him on the notion that half of his campaign billboards should read, not "Jackson for President," but "Scoop for President." Accordingly the billboards were so erected. Doubtless a number of mystified Florida housewives are asking, "Who is Mr. Scoop?" And their all-knowing husbands are replying, "Honey, that's the baby doctor."

THE CANDIDATE deserves something better. Two generations back, the Norwegian family name was Gresseth, but shortly before the turn of the century, when John Gresseth's son Pete decided to seek his fortune in America, the Scandinavian "John's son" became "Jack's son," or Jackson. After some hard years of mining and laboring in Montana, Pete Jackson settled about 1890 in the lumber town of Everett, Wash., twenty-odd miles north of Seattle. It is beautiful country—dark hills, blue lakes, Indian rivers that tumble down from the Cascade Range and plunge into Puget Sound—but Everett was hardly a beautiful city. It was the "city of the smokestacks," a hard town, dominated by the mills. Pete Jackson, laborer, became a member of Plasterers and Cement Masons Local 190, and though he ultimately developed his own contracting business, as an employer he remained an ardent union member all his life.

The Jackson family (Pete married an Everett girl) lived in a narrow, two-story frame house in a stolidly working, middle-class neighborhood. There Henry Jackson was born, in a back bedroom, May 31, 1912. He was the last of four children; his brother Arthur survives, but two sisters have died. A newly published biography of the candidate (*A Certain Democrat*, by William W. Prochnau and Richard W. Larsen; Prentice-Hall, $6.95) provides a vivid picture of the laborer's son growing up.

IT WAS a hard life. Jackson's earliest recollections go to a bitter strike at the mills in 1916. The strike ended in bloody violence when mill guards fired upon a boatload of Wobblies arriving to lend moral support to the pickets. Jackson was then four—a serious, sturdy lad—Pete's boy, industrious and obedient. The family made out, partly by reason of Jackson's strong-willed mother, a fierce libertarian whose loving discipline ruled the household. She expected young Henry to work, and work he did. He sold *Collier's* and *Country Gentleman*, and he squirreled away his earnings from an afternoon paper route. A framed clipping from 1927 still hangs in the Senator's office: "Henry Jackson, fifteen-year-old Herald carrier, today was awarded his second prize for perfect service . . . Henry delivered 74,880 Heralds without a single complaint."

A newspaper comic strip of those days, "Scoop the Reporter," dealt with a character who always was hard working—even when it meant getting someone else to do the hard work. "That's our Henry," said his mother. "That's our Scoop." The nickname stuck so firmly that "Scoop Jackson" is almost the only name by which the Senator is known today. Close acquaintances have to pause to remember the baptismal "Henry Martin" by which, as an infant, he entered the Lutheran Church. It proved a brief attachment: When his mother abruptly concluded that the local minister had become unbearable, she transferred all hands to the Presbyterian Church. There Jackson remains today.

Young Scoop was not much in sports, except for swimming, but he proved a willing scholar. His biographers turned up an anecdote from a third-grade teacher. Scoop was asked what he wanted to be when he grew up. His answer, duly attested: "President of the United States." Some years later, in high school, he had elevated his sights a little lower: "I think one day I'll be a senator." In the spring of 1930, his address to the graduating class dwelt on the topic of "Law Enforcement."

These currents pushed him in the fall to the University of Washington for an education in law. When his savings ran out, he waited tables and washed dishes. In the summers he lugged wet concrete for his father. The experiences of those depression years doubtless contributed to his political philosophy: Jackson has *been* poor; he still holds a union card, and he will not cross a picket line. His first job after graduation (toward the bottom of the top third of his law school) was in the Everett Relief Office in the summer of 1935. He was 23; and the impressions of that summer persist to this day.

Not surprisingly, in the solidly Democratic climate of Snohomish County, Jackson developed a great admiration for Franklin Delano Roosevelt. His political ambitions be-

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gan to take shape. From a small springboard as president of the local Young Democrats, he made a large leap: He ran for prosecutor against a faltering old-timer grown flabby at the job. To the amazement of practically everyone, Jackson swamped his opponent by better than three to one. At 26, he became the demon prosecutor, intent on Enforcing the Law.

This too is part of the Jackson character. Campaigning last month in Florida, he repeatedly referred to his record in law enforcement. By his biographers' account, Jackson was hell on the gamblers, bootleggers and whores that infested the town. He cracked down so energetically that for a time he was known as "Soda Pop" Jackson, the non-drinking, non-smoking, clean-living scourge of local sinners. It was a reputation that helped him considerably when he made the big plunge two years later, in the fall of 1940, as Democratic candidate for the House of Representatives. He won in a walk-away, and has been winning elections by landslides ever since.

Jackson in Congress lived up to expectations. Quiet, diligent, hard-working, he made few waves. Sam Rayburn became his beloved mentor, Estes Kefauver a close friend. In September of 1943 he went into the Army as a private, but served only three months before he and other members were returned to Congress by Presidential order. He continued on a methodically liberal course in the postwar years, speaking out for civil rights, condemning the excesses of Joe McCarthy. In 1953, having won Cain's seat in the Senate, Jackson became one of McCarthy's ablest, if quietest, critics. He felt the lash of McCarthy's scorn, but oddly kept McCarthy's volatile friendship. McCarthy couldn't make him out: How could anyone so opposed to external Communism fail to be impressed by the dangers of internal Communism?

Jackson had larger interests. He swiftly won assignment to the three committees whose work would dominate his subsequent career—Interior, Armed Services, and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. More than fifteen years ago, long before Sputnik, Jackson became a hawk—he very nearly became a crashing bore—in the field of weapons technology. He developed a close and enduring friendship with Hyman Rickover, and raised effective hell when the Navy seemed bent on denying Rickover's promotion to flag rank. Little by little his national reputation grew.

The same senatorial freshman class that saw Jackson replace Harry Cain also saw John Kennedy enter as a successor to Henry Cabot Lodge. The son of a West Coast laborer and the son of a New England multimillionaire instantly hit it off. Jackson was five years older than Kennedy, but their birthdays almost coincided. For the first eight months of 1953, until Kennedy's marriage, they were the two most eligible bachelors in town. They maintained their mutual admiration as the years rolled along, and it was widely speculated, when Kennedy won the Presidential nomination, that he would name Jackson as his Vice Presidential running mate. To Jackson's keen disappointment (for he had Bobby Kennedy's open endorsement), the nod went instead to Lyndon Johnson. Stoically, Jackson accepted a largely figurehead role as Democratic National Chairman during the campaign period. It was a useful experience, for he learned the nuts and bolts of national party politics, but he promptly resigned when the election was won.

Jackson himself won re-election to the Senate in 1964 by a record margin, and then set a new record in 1970: He claimed nearly 84 per cent of the vote after a remarkably bitter campaign. In university appearances in 1970, he twice was the target of marshmallows hurled by pacifist students who condemned his support of the war in Vietnam. (The marshmallows, you dig, were softer than the bullets fired by the warmongers at helpless women and children.) Among the leading liberals who came to the state of Washington to help his opponent was Eugene McCarthy. "Scoop Jackson is the only candidate," says the candidate, "who has been denounced by *two* McCarthys."

There might not have been a re-election of Jackson to the Senate in 1970. Following the Presidential election of 1968, Richard Nixon began casting about for likely members of his Cabinet. He tracked Jackson down in Hawaii, where the Senator was taking a vacation by getting briefed by Pacific commanders, and offered him the post of Secretary of Defense. Jackson asked for a few days to think it over. His friends says he was sorely tempted. In the end he concluded that a liberal Democrat would be a misfit in a putatively conservative Republican Administration. He declined —and then declined another feeler for the post of Secretary of State. Jackson never has regretted his decision.

Though Jackson has become anathema to the bug-out boys, his record "in support of the war" is not without blemish. He opposed the Cambodian operation, and voted against the use of troops in Laos. In recent months he has been insistently demanding a stepped-up rate of withdrawal from Vietnam. Nevertheless, he has been a tower of strength to Nixon on national security issues generally and he has refused to become a grandstand quarterback in the matter of negotiations with Hanoi.

Scoop Jackson also is the only candidate to hold (at different times, to be sure) the titles of Bachelor of the Year and Father of the Year. He lost the first with his marriage in December 1961 to Helen Hardin, daughter of a New Mexico mining executive; he gained the second with their two children, Anna Marie, nine, and Peter, five. They met in an elevator in the Senate Office Building on her first day on the job as Girl Friday to Senator Clinton Anderson. She looked then, as she does now, like every man's dream of

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Homecoming Queen. Divorced after a brief and childless marriage, she was then 28 and the Senator forty-nine. Such an age difference, incidentally, is by no means unusual in the track record of Presidential nuptials. Dolly Madison was seventeen years younger than James, Mary Scott Harrison 25 years younger than Benjamin, Julia Tyler thirty years younger than John.

The Jacksons, a thoroughly conventional family, live in a thoroughly conventional brick colonial home in the Spring Valley section of the District of Columbia, out near American University. Decorated chiefly in tints and shades of blue, the home is on the formal side—though two active children make it less so. The blue color scheme comes from a painting that Helen Jackson gravely identifies as their only major work of art, "an original Uncle Ernest." This is a work executed by a kinsman on her father's side, winner of first prize in a long-ago Texas State Fair for his rendering of the blue bonnets of Texas. The Jacksons are not what you would call arty people.

During the summers, and whenever the Senator can get back to Everett, they live in what was once the town's greatest mansion—a Southern style home, impressively columned, looking over Puget Sound. Built to the tycoonish tastes of banker William Butler, it was the one house that the boy carrier of the evening *Herald* viewed with the greatest awe and ambition. A few years ago, when the house came on the market at a bargain price, Jackson grabbed it up.

The Senator has made no detailed statement of his personal worth, but he is among the least affluent of the Presidential hopefuls. It is not widely known—and might never have been known at all, except for a Senate requirement three years ago that every senator report his outside income from public speaking—that Jackson donates his own fees to various charities in education, conservation and medical research. His gifts amounted to $11,000 in 1970.

A conservative dresser, Jackson sticks to the buttoned-down anonymity of blue shirts and decorous suits. He drives a 1961 vintage sedan. He works out for 45 minutes every afternoon in the Senate gym, swimming a brisk quarter-mile without stopping, but otherwise he shows no more than a politician's polite interest in sports and exercise.

Jackson stands a fraction over five feet, nine, and struggles to keep his 170 pounds from getting out of hand. Ordinarily serious, not much given to small talk, he is blessed with a lighthouse smile and eyes as blue as the blue bonnets of the original Uncle Ernest. On the afternoon of last month's fund-raising banquet, he went for a swim in the hotel pool, then donned tee shirt and slacks for an hour's restful argument with an aging correspondent on the merits of a child development act. This is Jackson's idea of a nice relaxing afternoon. Then he submitted to being vested in a rented tuxedo; and properly black-tied, with a ravishing Helen at his side, he descended to the ballroom and the *paupiette de Dover sole bonne femme*, Harry Cain on his right, Claude Pepper on his left.

THIS IS Florida's first Presidential primary. One is reminded of the litany that goes: "I've been rich, and I've been poor; and believe me, being rich is better." In recent weeks we ink-stained wretches of the press have been to New Hampshire, and we have been to Florida; and Florida is better. That glorious sun smiles down, warm as a woman's breast; the winter nights are soft as sable; and once a traveler escapes the godawful chicken-fried ticky-tackiness of the Gold Coast, that hundred-mile-long motel, one can find in the Everglades an azure tranquility out of this world. So much for the charms of Florida.

Otherwise the place is a mess—overcrowded, unplanned, incoherent; everything is fly me, buy me, or try me; the competition is ferocious and the prices high; traffic doesn't flow—from Daytona to the Keys, traffic mostly stands in place and snarls.

So it is with this Democratic primary. The junior Senator from Washington finds himself in a traffic jam. On February 14, when the March 14 ballot was declared officially final, no fewer than eleven candidates had been certified: Chisholm, Hartke, Humphrey, Jackson, Lindsay, McCarthy, McGovern, Mills, Muskie, Wallace and Yorty. Sam the Man, last on the list, was trying to get off, on the interesting grounds that putting his name on the ballot constitutes an invasion of his privacy.

In these confusing circumstances, Jackson is campaigning with an aggressiveness that is out of character for him. He is stepping on bare toes. In one series of eight consecutive speeches, he never failed to denounce Lindsay, McGovern and Muskie for their "hypocrisy" on the integration issue. His point was that the three of them tend to preach the positive benefits of integrated public schools, but in their own households, where their own children are concerned, they do not practice what they preach. They send their own children to lily white private schools or to suburban public schools with no more than a token tint of café-au-lait. By contrast, "Scoop Jackson is the only candidate who sends his child to public school, where she has a black teacher, a black principal, and the school itself is 30 per cent black." He goes on to say that Horace Mann School is a good school, and if he were ordered to send Anna Marie by bus to a poor school, he would resent it too. And that's why Scoop Jackson has introduced a constitutional amendment to prevent it. Scoop Jackson is the only candidate . . .

Jackson's purpose, in the cynical Southern phrase, is to out-seg the Governor of Alabama, but it seems a tactic of doubtful wisdom. For one thing, the Governor can *never* be out-segged; for a second, Jackson's draft of a proposed constitutional amendment suffers from ambiguities unworthy of even the bottom of the top third of a law school. It reads:

> Sect. 1. No person shall be denied the freedom of choice and the right to have his or her children attend their neighborhood public school.
>
> Sect. 2. Every person shall have the right to equal educational opportunity in the Nation's public schools. This right shall not be abridged by economic discrimination in the allocation of the financial resources available to educational authorities.
>
> Sect. 3. The Congress shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

No such clumsy amendment ever would clear the Judiciary Committee, and Jackson knows it. Nonetheless he has been wringing the poor thing for all the advantage he can squeeze out of it. In the process he probably is jeopardizing the safety of his liberal credentials; he is making the accompanying members of the press sick to their otherwise cast-

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iron stomachs; and he is forfeiting any future accommodation with Messrs. Lindsay, McGovern and Muskie.

Jackson is much more effective on other issues. He turns up on a Monday evening in Fort Lauderdale to make his pitch to the Broward County Democratic Executive Committee. Five pretty Jacksonettes are working the front of the courthouse, straw-boatered, hot-pantsed and sashed with Jackson ribbons, but Kathy, Meg, Amy, Sue and Dora are mercenary troops provided by a local modeling school. Next week: Muskie Maids. But Scoop and Helen give them the big hello; everybody lines up and poses, heel to instep, pop-up bosoms and flash-bulb smiles. Legs for Jackson! The election of an American President is sometimes a pretty funny business.

THE Broward Democrats exude friendly and familiar airs —spearmint, Juicy Fruit, Old Crow and 25-cent cigars. They are old pros. Jackson gives them the old pro pitch. Why are we here? he asks. "We want to elect a Democrat in November." That produces one-star applause on a scale that awards a standing ovation four. Jackson is fond of saying "just think of it." He begins with "the big issue—jobs and inflation." The Administration has made a mess of it. Three million young people will be entering the job market this year, and, just think of it, the Nixon Administration has no plan to cope with their needs. Then a few licks on environment: Scoop Jackson has been in this field longer than any other candidate, and won more conservation awards than any of them, but he knows it isn't an either/or proposition—either jobs or a clean environment. Scoop Jackson knows we can have both! Two-star applause.

Jackson perceives that many of the committee members are not merely old pros, but *old* pros. He gives them a full two minutes on the need for a national health insurance program and free prescription drugs for oldsters. Just think of it, he says, one-fourth of our senior citizens are at the poverty level. He plumps for a $150 minimum Social Security payment. Then to the gut issue: "I say, stop this silly busing business. They have just gone crazy on this busing business—two hours a day on a bus! We have reached the point of nonsense!" Three-star applause. We hear again of Anna Marie, her black teacher, her black principal. Then to law and order, the space shuttle, aid for Israel, prison reform: Think of it! One-fourth of our prisons were built before the Civ— ah, before the War Between the States.

"I'm the different candidate," cries Jackson. He raises both arms, signaling touchdown. "I can carry Florida, and I can beat Nixon. Wallace is not going to get nominated and he won't be elected. You want to win, don't you? Don't you? Scoop Jackson is the only candidate who can win!" Two-star applause.

So it goes. In the next few days, Jackson made substantially the same pitch to three different Jewish groups, where he wished that all our allies were just like the Israelis; to a breakfast at the Plantation Country Club in West Broward, where he was gently ambushed by several blacks concerned about the tone of his antibusing speeches; and to a dozen other audiences, large and small, including both houses of the legislature at Tallahassee.

Jackson prudently avoided New Hampshire's March 7 primary, conceding that turf to Muskie. Florida, by his own

candid admission, is "crucial" to his drive for the nomination. Sixty-one convention delegates are up for grabs in the twelve congressional districts, plus another twenty as a bonus to the statewide winner. Jackson sorely needs a few of these to call his own. More importantly, he needs the national recognition that he could claim with a respectable showing among the top three.

He has an able staff, headed by a veteran Washington state newsman, Brian Corcoran. He is getting speechwriting help (he reads speeches poorly, and usually releases a standby text as a point of free-wheeling departure) from Ben J. Wattenberg, co-author of *The Real Majority*, and from such experienced pros as Bill Brawley and Andrew Hatcher, two old Kennedy hands. His fund-raising is capably managed by Stanley Golub of Seattle and Victor Carter, a Los Angeles financier. Jackson will have spent a million dollars by the time the votes are counted here on March 14.

In the conservative view, Jackson is by odds the most attractive of the Democratic hopefuls. His Rooseveltian liberalism on domestic issues is not easily distinguished from the Nixonian liberalism of recent years. His views on health, education and welfare are not materially more expansive than the views of those wonderful folks who brought us the Family Assistance Plan. On other issues, especially in foreign affairs and national security, he stands redwood tall. And Scoop Jackson is the only candidate with a kind word to say of J. Edgar Hoover. Think of it!

In any realistic view, as opposed to the hopeful view, his chances of winning the nomination lie somewhere south of slim and barely north of nil. He lacks the excitement of a Lindsay; he has none of Humphrey's built-in recognition; he is harder and tougher than Muskie's margarine goodness, which spreads easily. Here in Florida, he is spooked by the black-browed visage of the Cheshire Cat from Alabama.

Miracles are as rare on the campaign trail as they are in a faith healer's tent. It will take a miracle for Jackson to make it. But if Muskie collapses and Humphrey fails to keep the pace, he might suddenly look very good indeed to the power brokers who want a man of the middle with broad appeal. Scoop Jackson, as Scoop Jackson has been telling the Florida voters, is in this regard the only candidate who . . . □

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LETTER FROM PRAGUE

Needed: More Collaborators

B. JICINSKI

For the first time in memory, Czechoslovakia has experienced a very strange labor shortage this year: a shortage of prestigious collaborators. The Husak government is looking for anyone with any kind of reputation in the arts, the sciences or the professions to lend it prestige, but with absolutely no success. The government indirectly advertises fellowships, bonuses and awards for works that take a "correct approach" to the present "reality" and enhance the Soviet-backed regime; it stresses its willingness to work with anyone, regardless of party affiliation and past political mistakes. It offers the intelligentsia a truce. But the offer is being ignored, not only by those who once constituted the country's cultural elite but also by the lesser lights. The Institute of Socialist History in Prague has been closed for lack of reliable socialist historians.

When the Czechoslovak Communist Party celebrated its fiftieth anniversary last spring, not a single movie scenario or book manuscript could be coaxed out of anyone to commemorate the event. On the same occasion, of course, the Party circulated a long list of authors not to be mentioned in connection with the anniversary (i.e., the present index of prohibited authors), a list which reads like a *Who's Who* in Czechoslovak literature.

On Nov. 18, 1971 it was announced that the Czechoslovak Writers' Union had been thoroughly "reorganized"—after three years. The new Union would be "very selective" but those who are not ineligible for political reasons (about 90 per cent of the past membership) haven't joined. The Union of Czechoslovak Journalists has also been thoroughly reorganized. But the Party doesn't even trust the hacks who replaced the pre-invasion newspapermen: Press cards are now issued for one year only. How to secure one occupies a whole page in the journalists' professional magazine. The hastily formed group of Party professionals, called the Left Front, is a tiny gathering of nonentities headed by Dr. Jaromir Lang, whose intellectual output consists of one political pamphlet. But that is all the regime has. Under the Soviet occupation the country has become what the French Communist poet, Louis Aragon, calls a "Biafra of the spirit."

The physical damage caused by the Soviet tanks as they rolled into Prague on August 21, 1968 was slight: the pockmarks on the National Museum in Prague which some Soviet sharpshooters mistook for the Radio Prague building; an overturned lamppost here, a shattered store window there. The real devastation occurred on a cultural and spiritual front, and it is immense, but by its nature invisible.

Cultural life in today's Czechoslovakia appears normal enough. Bookstores look well-stocked. But not one book by any noted Czech or Slovak writer, or even a book by a promising beginner, has appeared in the past three years. The newsstands feature a variety of publications, but the excellent literary magazines *Plamen* and *Literarni listy*, the outspoken newsweeklies *Repoter* and *Student* are gone.

The theaters are open, but they play only classics and anemic Western comedies—and even the classics are suspect. Directors are no longer permitted to update them by meaningful, innovative production: It might be too meaningful and the public might "misunderstand."

Movie theaters exist, but of the 29 films made in Czechoslovakia in 1970, two-thirds were children's films and detective stories, while most of the rest fit into the "insipid comedy" category. There is television; Czechoslovakians tell each other about "the most brilliant invention of the twentieth century—the little knob that turns your TV set off." Radios no longer blare with rock, jazz and country-western. Even this humble kind of popular culture is considered unsafe. At a rock festival in Bratislava in 1969, the popular young singer Karel Cernoch won first prize for an anti-Soviet song, "The Song of My Country." Not only have he and his fellow singers been barred, but Cernoch was made to return his prize this year.

The universities took the worst beating. They were not closed, as they had been during the Nazi occupation, but many subjects are no longer taught to first-year students. Among them: philosophy, political science, economics, linguistics, Sinology, ethnology, geography, musicology, all courses related to Asian and African nations, aesthetics and world literature. A carefully selected few will be allowed to study these subjects in other East European countries (to wit, the USSR). The new minister of education, Miroslav Hrbek, described by all who know him as "a ruthless careerist," announced to the press the following results of his 1970 purge of the universities: 229 teachers forced into retirement; 127 fired through "disciplinary action"; 758 in exile and 115 teachers still "under investigation"; 82 students were expelled for "political reasons," 415 other students were disciplined and 45 student leaders were still being investigated. According to other sources, however, the number of expelled students is much larger. These sources speak of "hundreds" of students either dismissed or not admitted to further study when they tried to register for their next semester last year. The higher education budget has been cut by 3 per cent and the total number of students cut by almost 20 per cent since 1969.

The cultural purge begun in mid-1969 is now over. The government hoped that the carrot proferred after the stick was applied would entice intellectuals and professionals into line. But it has not happened. Some very different and unfunny things have happened on the way to "normalization." Some forty thousand persons have left Czechoslovakia, among them many foremost writers and journalists; all the directors of the Czech "new wave" movies; scientists, researchers and hosts of technicians and engineers.

But even worse for the regime, many of the country's most talented and most recalcitrant citizens did *not* leave. They went into compulsory or voluntary semiretirement, an underground limbo. They are still there, as the regime hysterically reminds itself every day, and they are still as hawkish and unreconciled as ever. They command the re-

(Continues on page 298)

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Taxes and Equality in Schools

RUSSELL KIRK

VERY PROBABLY the tax structure supporting public instruction in this country will be thoroughly revised during the next few years. A principal aim of such reform is "equalizing of educational opportunity"—or providing that every school district (particularly those of the "inner city") should have sufficient funds.

With this in mind, recently President Nixon advocated a plan by which the Federal Government would assume a vast proportion of the cost of public schooling, financing the scheme by a "value-added" tax. Whether or not the Nixon plan eventually is adopted, several states push ahead meanwhile with proposals for statewide equalization of school funds. Generally this would be achieved through virtual abolition of the tax on real property as the basis for school finance, and substitution of state funds raised by state income tax, retail-sales tax or a new value-added tax.

Simultaneously, zealots for equalization endeavor to triumph through the courts. In California and New Jersey, state courts have ruled that financing public schools by real property taxes is unconstitutional, because that method denies "equal protection of the laws" under the federal Constitution; in Texas, a federal court has so ruled. Both the Republican governor and the Democratic attorney general of Michigan advance the same argument. The reasoning runs thus: because the revenue which can be obtained from property taxation is high in some districts and low in others, the quality of public instruction varies from district to district, and therefore pupils do not benefit equally from administration of the laws.

Now although your servant agrees that often the real property tax is archaic or badly administered as a means for supporting schools, it is very doubtful whether the United States Supreme Court (which probably will find it necessary to rule on these cases, in the fullness of time) will sustain the plaintiffs. The reason is suggested by Mr. Emile Comar, Vice President of Citizens for Educational Freedom (Washington Building, Washington, D.C.) in letters to the editors of *Life* and to President Nixon. He writes:

> According to the NEA, the amount spent per pupil for 1970-1972 in the continental United States varies from $463 in Alabama to $1,245 in New York. Is the solution then to finance all education from the national level so that an equal amount will be spent per pupil in every state? Are we ready for the type of centralization which may require that, for example, New York reduce its spending from in excess of $1,000 per pupil to the national norm of $787? Or at least that New York be directed to hold the line on spending until all the other states are brought up to its level of $1,245? My calculator tells me that it would cost the taxpayers $20.8 billion annually based on 1970-71-level spending. And my reasoning tells me you do not necessarily produce a better product in schools simply because you spend more money per pupil.

One may add that the principle of equal per capita spending of public funds everywhere—were it established in the case of schools—would lead in other fields to absurdities, injustices, and policies socially disastrous. If an equal amount per head of population had to be spent upon police, fire departments and conservation, say, we would be spending far too much in some districts and far too little in others. In New York City, the expenditure of funds per capita for policemen's salaries is tremendous—necessarily. Up where I live, in Mecosta County, Michigan, are we not being denied equal protection of the laws because our local taxes can sustain only a small fraction of New York's per capita levy for the police department? Well, in my county there has not been one unlawful entry of an occupied dwelling (except for a few instances in which inebriates entered the wrong house under the impression that it was their own) for the past 88 years. Should New York be taxed to provide for the quadrupling of our Mecosta police force—when we don't need any more policemen, though New York does?

So it is, often, with schools. Recent official studies of pupil achievement in Michigan schools reveal that in several respects the results in small rural schools of the Upper Peninsula, not well-financed, are superior not only to results in the city cores of southern Michigan, but to performance in many well-financed suburban school districts. (The humane scale is one reason here.) Money helps, but money isn't everything.

Be this as it may, egalitarian doctrines doubtless will continue to impel public policy toward "equalizing" of school finances. Though the Burger Court may find nothing unconstitutional in real property taxes (whether or not those taxes are prudent), still we may expect a shifting of school tax burdens within the state from property levies to income and other taxes. And the pressure may be tremendous upon Congress to nationalize public instruction by paying the lion's share of the costs.

Now the more remote the source of finance for any public activity, the more liable people are to demand, or accept, increased public expenditures: the average citizen does not understand clearly that, in effect, the burden always falls directly or indirectly upon himself. So the more we centralize educational financing, almost certainly the more we will spend upon schools. The Educationist Lobby likes it that way.

Additional taxation, direct or indirect, for "public" schools might be the death-blow to independent schools, parochial or private, already in unpleasant straits. So if we really are to insist upon equality of educational opportunity, what about those millions of pupils still enrolled in "nonpublic" schools? Their only salvation, in such circumstances, would be "voucher plans," state or national, that would allocate a share of public revenues to the parents of children in independent schools, for paying tuition at the schools of their choice. Mr. Nixon's people have something of the sort in mind. □

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BOOKS

Dazzled by Power

A World in Revolution
By Herbert L. Matthews
Scribners, 462 pp., $12.50

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

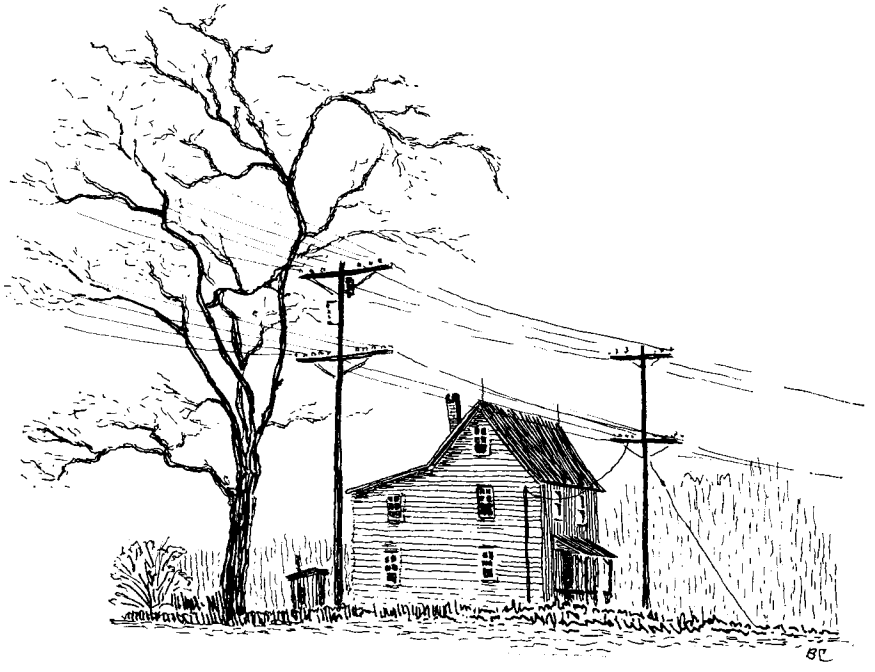
I went to work in the *New York Times* City Room in 1926, at just about the time a saturnine Columbia University linguist and student of Dante took a job as secretary to Acting Managing Editor Frederick T. Birchall. The Dante student was Herbert L. Matthews. Although we were friends, largely because we had a common friend in Thomas Bergin of Yale, who was to become the foremost Dante scholar in America, Matthews remained something of a puzzle. He had no ambitions to become a city-side reporter. Instead, he asked to be put on the newly formed Cable Desk. The story went around in the City Room that Matthews wanted to get abroad and become a Lawrence of Arabia.

This was a guess, but Matthews himself confirms its shrewdness in his autobiographical *A World in Revolution*. Always a romantic, Herbert Matthews has never been able to subordinate the partisan in him to the reporter. He speaks of himself as a nineteenth-century liberal, a devotee of John Stuart Mill, but his addiction to causes and his propensity for being dazzled by men of power have frequently put blinders on him. Covering the Ethiopian war from the Italian side, he was labeled a Fascist. It wasn't true, but he had, at the time, a rather favorable opinion of Italy's claim to a "civilizing" mission in Abyssinia. In Spain, as a reporter on the Republican side of the lines, he had what he describes as "a political and moral conversion." This did not keep him from doing some brilliant work (he was the first reporter to authenticate the presence on a Spanish battlefield of an Italian expeditionary force, a fact which his New York office refused to believe), but it did make him blind to the *Times'* duty to print the dispatches from Insurgent headquarters.

Matthews claims a superior honesty for himself when talking about the treatment his stories received from the "Catholic bullpen" in the *Times* City Room. For myself, I can freely concede that Matthews was a much better war correspondent than William P. Carney, who reported from Franco's capital. Nevertheless, Matthew's partisan feelings caused him to pooh-pooh the extent of the Stalinist atrocities in Spain and the danger that a Republican victory might have been a mask for a Communist takeover. It is significant that Matthews makes much of his friendship with Hemingway in Spain, yet says nothing of the quarrel between Hemingway and John Dos Passos about the Stalinist treatment of the anarcho-syndicalists.

Matthews cannot see it, but he spent much of his journalistic life being seduced by his own scoops. He is quite right in regarding his penetration of the Sierra Maestra in Cuba and his first interview with Fidel Castro as a journalistic coup of the first order. But, having ascertained that Castro was still very much alive, his romanticism snuffed out all his critical instincts. Castro just had to be a hero of the "democratic" cause. If Matthews had really prepared for his Cuban exploit he would surely have come across Alice-Leone Moats' classic NATIONAL REVIEW article on Fidel, which utilized information from Mexican police sources to prove that Castro was a Communist stooge long before he holed up in the Sierra Maestra.

THE STRANGE thing is that Matthews can see that Castro has failed Cuba economically (he describes Fidel's policies as "unworkable . . . thus far"),



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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Former Communist leader Roger Garaudy calls it *Crisis in Communism*, but the title sounds too good to be true (Grove, $7.95; paper, $2.45). . . . *Narrative Poems* by C. S. Lewis is edited by Walter Hooper (Harcourt, $5.95). . . . Most of Dylan Thomas' *Early Prose Writings* appear here for the first time in America (New Directions, $8.75).

Paul-Henri Spaak dubs his memoirs *The Continuing Battle* (Lippincott, $12.50). . . . Philippe Alexandre's *The Duel*, a best-seller in France, explores the de Gaulle-Pompidou relationship (Houghton, $7.95). . . . *Not to Disturb* is the new Muriel Spark novel (Viking, $4.95). . . . General Maxwell Taylor pens his autobiography, *Swords and Ploughshares* (Norton, $10). . . . *The House of Northcliffe* is a biography of the British press czar by Paul Ferris (World, $10).

■ STATISTICS: Almost 38,000 books published in 1971, up almost 5 per cent. About two-thirds were new titles. Juveniles dropped 16 per cent; religious books, 13 per cent.

Prices soared. The average price of some thirty thousand new hardbound books was—are you sitting down?—$13.25, up 13.6 per cent from 1970. Mass-market paperbacks averaged $1.01, up from 95 cents. Quality paperbacks averaged $5.09, up from $4.81. In the growing category of hardbound facsimile reprints (of out-of-print titles, mostly for library sales), average price was $14.63.

■ APRIL BOOKS: Dean M. Kelley ponders *Why Conservative Churches Are Growing* (Harper, $6.95). . . . You can spare yourself the bother of reading the papers from now till November thanks to Sybil Leek's *Astrological Guide to the Presidential Candidates* (Abelard-Schuman, $4.95). . . . Virginia van der Veer Hamilton's *Hugo Black: The Alabama Years* looks into those Klan associations (LSU, $10.95). . . . *Baudelaire* is a study by Martin Turnell (New Directions, $3.45, paper).

Collected Letters, 1898-1910: Bernard Shaw runs over a thousand pages (Dodd, Mead, $22.50). . . . *A Happy Death* is Camus' unpublished first novel (Knopf, $5.95). . . . It's an autobiography from former Sen. Paul Douglas, *In the Fullness of Time* (Harcourt, $13.95). . . . *Grapes from Thorns* is Dean Acheson's last (Norton, $7.95). . . . André Malraux records one long day's talks with de Gaulle in *Felled Oaks* (Holt, $6.95). . . . Clark Mollenhoff's *Strike Force* deals with organized crime's links with the government (Prentice-Hall, $6.95). . . . Joseph R. Starobin surveys *American Communism in Crisis, 1943-1957* (Harvard, $12.95).

Former Nixon speechwriter James Keogh assays *Nixon and the Press* (Funk & Wagnalls, $5.95). . . . Stephen C. Shadegg updates his 1964 volume in *The New How To Win an Election* (Taplinger, $6.50; paper, $2.95). . . . *The Election Game and How To Win It* is by political pro Joseph Napolitan (Doubleday, $6.95).

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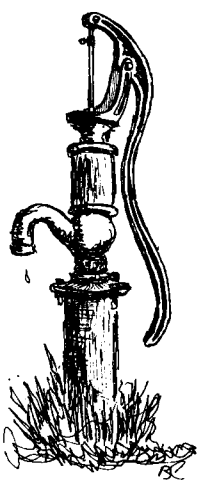
yet he continues to justify the revolution as "inevitable." The fact is that it was nothing of the sort. Fidel saddled Cuba with Communism by cheating on everything he had promised. The middle class, not the peasants, had enabled him to rout Batista. Castro had given his word that he would restore the Constitution of 1940 and hold honest elections. He did neither. Instead, he drove the most capable members of the Cuban middle class to Florida, where the New Cuba thrives in Dade County.

Matthews professes to have been "as orthodox an anti-Communist as any American" during the "cold war period." If so, the orthodoxy didn't even outlast Joseph Stalin. It was Matthew's post-World War II "assignment to austerity" in running the *Times*' London Bureau that caused him to "respond to the mature, sophisticated, and tolerant attitude toward Communism that was common to British statesmen and politicians." So it has become all right, Jack, with Matthews, as it has been with the shortsighted British liberals and Laborites, to let Communism win a score of easy victories that might have been stopped if the resolution had not oozed out of what may soon be laughingly described as the Free World.

As MATTHEWS looks back on it, Harry Truman emerges as something of a villain for helping the Greek and Turkish governments to resist attempted Communist takeovers. "Using hindsight," Matthews says, "it seems most unlikely that Stalinist Russia would have dared to invade Turkey, and so far as Greece is concerned, is the present ugly dictatorship really better than a Communist regime, which, being geographically detached from the Soviet bloc, would have been as harmless as Yugoslavia . . .?" The answer to such innocence is that the Soviets now have a redoubtable navy and Croatian separatism is undermining Tito. Greek ports would be just dandy for providing Brezhnev with a clamp on a disintegrating Yugoslavia and a Maoist Albania, and where would our Sixth Fleet be without a safe Aegean Sea?

The "new revisionism" will be fed by Matthews' book. But if it was wrong for Harry Truman to proclaim the Truman Doctrine, it was just as stupid for Henry Stimson and Franklin Roosevelt to oppose the expansion of the Japanese in Asia and the Fascists in Europe. If you go in for "wave of the future" stuff, as Matthews does when he says "we are likely to see . . . developing countries choose Communism or *another form of collectivism* as the only road to modernization" (italics ours), then it matters little whether the tyrannical state is run by a Castro, a Mussolini, a Hitler or a Brezhnev. Matthews lacks the clarity—or maybe it is the courage—to push his revisionism all the way back to 1935 or 1938, where the logic of his position must inevitably take him. After all, if all issues in a revolutionary age are "technical" and not "moral," as Matthews says, why would it have been any worse to have Hitler athwart the Panama Canal in Colombia than it is to have Brezhnev's submarines docking at Cienfuegos in Cuba?



The truth is that Matthews is all mixed up. If Communism wins a strong point on the globe, it is "technical." If the United States fights to keep Indochina and Singapore out of the hands of Communists, it is an "immoral war." Matthews tries to have it both ways, an attitude which, if it spreads much further, will really end with the suicide of the West. □

John Chamberlain *is a columnist and frequent contributor to* NR. . . . **Francis Russell** *is currently working on* President-Makers from Mark Hanna to Joseph Kennedy. . . . **G. B. Tennyson** *is Professor of English at UCLA*. . . . **Donald Coxe** *is* NR*'s Canadian correspondent*. . . . **Jared Lobdell** *is a graduate student and freelance writer.*

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Lloyd George:
A Diary by Frances Stevenson, edited by A. J. P. Taylor
Harper, 338 pp., $10

A HERO TO HIS MISTRESS

FRANCIS RUSSELL

In the isolation of our ordinary lives we tend to forget or at least disregard the puniness of our rulers. Then of a sudden, in some intimate glimpse or personal memoir we realize again that most affairs of state are conducted by those "taken from a county jail." This is apparent in all vividness in the diaries of Frances Stevenson, Lloyd George's confidential secretary and even more confidential mistress from 1912 until a short time before his death when he married her.

She attended international conferences with him, met most of the chief participants, wrote down what she heard and what he told her. She was an intelligent as well as a devoted woman. The result of her day-by-day jottings is *Lloyd George: A Diary*, her chronicle of the foibles of the great (except, of course, Lloyd George's) that sometimes drifts off into a catalog of forgotten names and at other times flashes like a falling star across the political sky. The most fascinating part of the diary, which concludes falteringly in 1944, is of course the First World War. Reading it, one wonders how the Allies ever won. On September 21, 1914, Miss Stevenson wrote:

> At breakfast today D. [Lloyd George] told me of Belgium's decision to resist Germany. The Belgian Government were on the point of giving way, and allowing the Germans to pass through their territory, when M. Vandervelde, the Socialist leader, came to the Ministry, and taking a letter out of his pocket, said: "Jaurès has been murdered: this is a letter from the French socialists asking me to go to Paris and lead them. Unless you can tell me that Belgium will resist violation, I will shake the dust of Belgium from my feet and take my stand among the French—and France shall know the reason why." This came to the ears of the Belgian King, who sent for Vandervelde, and together they turned the tide of feeling in the Ministry, and Belgium declared war on Germany.

One stands aghast at human folly, in spite of oneself indulging in what Franklin Roosevelt called the "iffyness" of history. If Belgium had acceded to the Germans, if England had not come in, if France had been defeated after a six weeks' war in the 1870 manner and with the traditional indemnities, if the Russians had seen the handwriting on the wall in time; what a different and happier world we might have lived through in the last half century.

Lloyd George admitted in 1915 that the War Office General Staff had no real plan for prosecuting the war. Kitchener, the father-figure on the recruiting posters, appears in the diaries as a bemedaled incompetent, despised by his colleagues. For the no-longer-young Churchill the war is the great adventure, the great opportunity. Of his Dardanelles diversion, Miss Stevenson writes:

> When the war came he [Churchill] saw in it the chance of glory for himself, & has accordingly entered on a risky campaign without caring a straw for the misery and hardship it would bring to thousands, in the hope he would be the outstanding man in this war.

In 1916, shortly before he became prime minister, Lloyd George gave an interview to some American journalists in which he called for the "knockout blow" to end the war. At the time he knew, through interception of wireless messages, that the German chancellor had appealed to the United States to propose a peace conference. "Had not D. [Lloyd George] given his interview," Miss Stevenson writes, "Wilson would most probably have made the proposal to us, & it would have been difficult for us to refuse to discuss terms. This would spoil all chances of a great decisive victory for us. Now D.'s interview has made the peace proposals impossible for some time to come." That year saw the last chance for a compromise peace fade.

At the 1919 peace conference in Paris Miss Stevenson's recording of a suppressed paragraph in Wilson's opening speech portrays his messianic frame of mind with devastating exactness. The star-crossed schoolmaster explained "how Christianity had failed in its purpose after two thousand years, but the League of Nations was going to go one better than Christianity & would supply all defects."

Lloyd George is underlined in the diaries for what he was, by one who probably knew him best; a politician's politician, whose friends were mostly Tories, who disliked the Liberals of his own party, and whose nonconformist leveler instinct drew him to Labor. Yet here is also a man who liked to walk in the woods and gather flowers. Miss Stevenson loyally draws a veil over his sexual promiscuity, referring only in passing to his "love of women." He was indeed what we today ambiguously refer to as a "compulsive womanizer," though in my undergraduate days we had a cruder and more explicit term.

It is perhaps not surprising that Lloyd George in the Thirties thought of Hitler, a fiercer and more compulsive leveler than himself, as a great man. From the time he left office in 1922 he kept thinking he would return to Downing Street. Miss Stevenson records how in the Thirties he planned his New Deal for Britain and waited pathetically for the call that never came. Somehow her 1918 diary got lost, or else for personal reasons she destroyed it. It leaves a tantalizing gap in her book, the one I should most have liked to see filled. □

Speaking and Language: Defence of Poetry
By Paul Goodman
Random House, 242 pp., $6.95

THE BETTER GOODMAN

G. B. TENNYSON

William Morris is supposed to have said of Carlyle after praising him, "but somebody should have been beside Carlyle and punched his head every five minutes." Whether someone should have, or whether indeed someone should have done the same for Morris himself and thus have prevented his antic deterioration into a dreamy Marxism, we may leave unresolved in the Victorian mists. But Morris' remark has surely often seemed proleptically the right prescription for America's own Paul Goodman.

Fortunately, Goodman has been doing a lot of punching of his own head over the years and this time, with

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his fortieth book, he has got it mostly right. What he has got right is that most modern theorists of language are wrong. For Goodman has discovered that language is not, cannot be, will not let itself be, either the abstract meaningless notational system of the linguists or the precise inhuman computerized set of counters of the communications engineers. Language, Goodman discovers, is vital, changing, protean and, most important, it does mean. This is the good Goodman. The better Goodman. Maybe the best.

To be sure, the silly Goodman is still with us on occasion in this volume. Thus, though he is a stylist, he can call the deposition scene in *Richard II* "bad news," he can talk about "how superreal the images are" in poetry, he can refer to students who "cannot dig it," and of course he feels obliged to state that certain hearers dismiss certain kinds of discourse "as all bullshit."

RATHER MORE endearing is Goodman's persistent use of the word "subtile," which he finally explains halfway through the book as an intentional revival of an older form. Even his undergraduate locutions are intentional; he seeks to justify these at last only four pages before the end of the book, citing some of his usages, such as "their conversation sends me" and "it is for real," as especially telling. He does not seem to realize that these expressions merely reduce his writing to the level of the freshman theme. The Goodman who can write that "the upper and middle classes of the new industrial proletariat were bitched up in various ways," is surely the silly Goodman who has grown up absurd.

The more serious side of Goodman's silliness is evident too. It occurs in the moments when he claims that the purpose of language is "coping" (a favorite word), and that teaching should "liberate" children's language. One never really knows what his "coping" means; it sounds like a weary word, a psychiatric word. As for the "liberating," one never has known what one is being liberated *for* in Goodman, sometimes not even what one is being liberated *from*. But we can disregard all this cant. After all, Goodman has the disarming cunning to say of himself: "Some people never shut up, just as I never stop writing."

The important thing about *Speaking and Language* is that in it the good Goodman dominates. And here the riches embarrass, especially in the second half of the book. Space permits only a few examples. But take Goodman on the origin of language. Because Goodman's instincts are sound and because he can think, he is able to extract out of Jespersen's theory of language origin, which has long been scorned by the linguists, something far richer and more suggestive than could ever be yielded by the dominant atomic approach. Goodman begins to suspect that language originated not as simple grunts but as conglomerate and exceedingly complex utterances. That he has reached this remarkable insight without apparent benefit of reading Owen Barfield is a tribute to Goodman's really extraordinary mind. Given his head, Goodman is one day going to come up with a theory of the divine origin of language.

OR TAKE Goodman on the question of artificial languages—Basic English, or positivist grammar, or Chomsky's "simplest grammar." First of all, Goodman recognizes that they don't work. They stem from an impoverished conception of language, from conceiving of language as dead particles, as a *means* of communication rather than the communication itself. Goodman is too much the whole man to make that mistake. And he is too much the *enfant terrible*, even at sixty, to resist scrapping with those who do, even the redoubtable Chomsky and his transformations. In fact, Goodman announces his complete disenchantment with the linguistic science of the past fifty years, Bloomfield, Sapir, the whole gang. It couldn't be better.

Finally, consider Goodman on poetry. He enunciates a theory of poetry that would do credit to a thoughtful Coleridgean. Goodman calls it "poems as complex-words," and it dovetails with his notion of the complex origin of language. A poem is itself a complex word, and "the word becomes a thing." "One could fantasize," he continues, "that the poetic tradition extends right back to the aboriginal language, and we never did forget how to talk it!" Right on! If only he would think about where that fecund aboriginal language came from.

But perhaps he even does that. In his final chapter, "Notes for a Defence [sic] of Poetry," Goodman offers a frequently moving account of his own literary and intellectual position. He confesses to loving his language and he makes the charge, almost certainly right, that the linguists and anthropologists he has taken issue with do not. He says that for him writing "is the way I pray to God." This time I think he has Him on his side. □

Trudeau in Power
By Walter Stewart
Outerbridge, 240 pp., $6.95

MANIPULATING THE MEDIA

DONALD COXE

Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, a frequently perceptive observer of North American affairs, has called Pierre Trudeau "the first truly modern political figure in the West." This book, the first reassessment of Trudeau to be published in the United States, gives a portrait of Trudeau as a new breed of ruler who is able to bypass most of the constitutional procedures of British-style parliamentary government through mastery of advanced communications techniques.

There is no precedent in the UK or Canada for the way Trudeau became prime minister. Trudeau did not rise to power: he catapulted into it, coming, as one awed reporter murmured, "like a stone through a stained-glass window." In 1965 Trudeau had reached the age of 46 without attracting much attention except in some French left-wing activist circles. As editor of a small circulation French journal, Trudeau moved in such a limited milieu that he wasn't even listed in the compendious *Who's Who of Canada*. To the dismay of most of his associates, he decided to run for Parliament in the November 1965 election on the Liberal ticket, a party he had regularly reviled. Given by Lester Pearson an absolutely safe constituency in Montreal, Trudeau's election was little noticed outside Quebec. In 1967 Pearson gave

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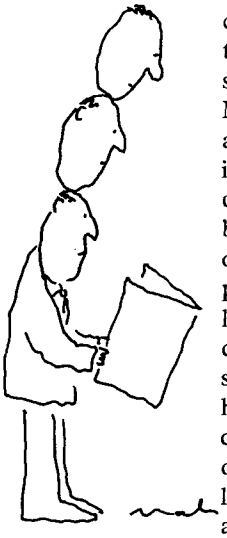
Trudeau the prized post of minister of justice, by which time probably 5 per cent of the Canadian electorate outside Quebec would have recognized his name.

When Lester Pearson announced later that year that he was stepping down as Liberal leader, Trudeau decided to run against a strong field of well-known Liberal cabinet ministers for the top job. He consulted coaxial sage Marshall McLuhan and a clutch of other intellectuals. Suddenly, TV viewers began to see a lot of Trudeau; the press could write of little else. No one came forward to observe that Trudeau had hardly been a dazzling minister: only two pieces of legislation bore his aegis, one to legalize homosexual relations between consenting adults, the other to update divorce procedures. No one commented publicly on the systematic dismantling of Canada's internal security network under Trudeau. Trudeau won the leadership in April 1968 and two months later swept to one of the most smashing election victories in Canadian history.



THE DECISIVE factor in Trudeau's election triumph was his TV image. As Stewart shows, Trudeau's adroit use of television did not cease with the election, but has become the basis of his style of government. He has banned TV broadcasts of parliamentary debates, thereby preventing the electorate from seeing him at a disadvantage when the Opposition asks embarrassing questions. Instead, he gives regular TV interviews (mainly to favored reporters), in which only the questions he selects are answered. On TV, Trudeau is without peer; he oozes, excites and coruscates. He openly allows that he considers his contact with the electors through TV the basis of "participatory democracy," and views Parliament as an annoying barrier between him and the people.

His skill at bypassing Parliament means that the historic devices open to the Opposition to restrain the government become irrelevant, because all such devices depend on their ability to arouse public opinion; since the public is getting a brilliantly packaged message that Opposition protests are mere "obstructionism" from "nobodies," mobilization of public resentment has been made almost impossible for Opposition members. To facilitate the changeover to the new ruling style, Trudeau rammed through Parliament some procedural changes (in the name of "efficiency") that have the effect of stifling debate when Trudeau finds it becoming disagreeable.

As power slips away from Parliament, it moves to the palace guard of "Camelot North" (the prime minister's personal staff) and to what Stewart calls "the Supergroup" (three senior cabinet ministers). The prime minister's staff numbered twelve in Lester Pearson's day; it is now sixty—and rising.

Stewart's book is most useful in its analysis of the ways Trudeau has emasculated Parliament and suborned the press. As former Ottawa editor of *Maclean's* (the largest-selling Canadian magazine), Stewart was in a good position to observe the development of Trudeau's strategy. Unfortunately, the valuable aspects of the book are diminished by its shrill tone. Stewart is upset that Trudeau is destroying parliamentary democracy, but he is more upset that Trudeau has not used the political revolution to effect a social revolution. Trudeau seems to have limited objectives: to stay in power, to keep Quebec in the federation, and to pull Canada out of its Western orbit. He has relied for economic advice on the shrewd men of the Bank of Canada, with the result that Canada had less inflation last year than any other Western industrial nation. Stewart finds this restraint intolerable, and denounces Trudeau as inhumane.

Stewart shares Trudeau's desire to get Canada out of NATO and NORAD, but he doesn't feel Trudeau is moving fast enough. In one of the few bits of praise he gives Trudeau, he grudgingly admits that the decision to direct Canadian armed forces to the prevention of American annexation of the Canadian Arctic was a good move.

Stewart's documentation of the decline of Parliament is impressive, despite its splenetic tone. The Trudeau modernity so admired by Servan-Schreiber is shown by Stewart to be a new kind of autocracy through media manipulation. Under the British parliamentary system, the premier heads both the legislature and executive. Many British political scientists have ridiculed the separation of powers doctrine in the American Constitution as artificial or unworkable. That separation prevents an American President from using TV to the same degree of effectiveness as Trudeau. It now appears possible for a Canadian premier to reduce Parliament to the level of irrelevancy of the UN General Assembly. No American President with Trudeau's TV virtuosity has appeared since the development of the medium, so the American readers of this book may wonder how far someone like Robert Kennedy might have been able to go in reducing the real power of Congress had he won the Presidency.

Flawed as it is, *Trudeau in Power* is chilling evidence of the vulnerability of centuries-old political processes to a ruthless master of a new medium. □

What Coleridge Thought
By Owen Barfield
Wesleyan, 285 pp., $15
Romantic Religion: A Study of Barfield, Lewis, Williams and Tolkien
By R. J. Reilly
Georgia, 249 pp., $9

NOT LEAST OF THE INKLINGS

JARED C. LOBDELL

By now, the name of the Inklings—that Oxford group which used to meet in C. S. Lewis' rooms—has become tolerably well-known, even if the group is not always well-defined. But the name of Owen Barfield, philosopher, wit (recall his collaboration with Lewis on the case of *Mark* v. *Tristram*), Inkling, solicitor, Steinerite, latest and perhaps last in the great English intellectual tradition of the gentleman amateur, seems somehow to come in most men's minds as a kind of afterthought to the names of his confreres. It should not be so, and the proof is here, not only in Professor Reilly's study (which is devoted more to Barfield than to any of his fellow Inklings), but also and especially in Barfield's own book on Coleridge.

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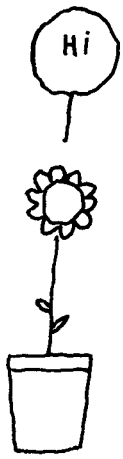
Coleridge is certainly not an easy subject to write on, still less an easy subject to interpret. For one thing, it is practically necessary to dismiss from one's mind the thing for which Coleridge is best known—his poetry—if one wants to discover the pattern of his thought. (It is true I once heard a former teacher of mine, the author of a perceptive book on Coleridge, argue that "Kubla Khan" could be used as evidence of Coleridge's political philosophy, but that I think was an aberration.) For another, Coleridge was a Christian, perhaps the last substantial philosopher who could be so described and whose Christianity was not the starting point but the conclusion of his philosophy.

For yet another, Coleridge's leisurely and parenthetical style has a tendency to put the modern reader off—it savors of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century divines and nineteenth-century novelists and travelers. And finally, Coleridge stands athwart the course of the great proto-Darwinian Myth of Evolution, desiring us to unlearn what we have learned and to see that true history—indeed, true evolution—is the history of Mind, "the gradual Evolution of the Mind of the World, contemplated as a single Mind in the different stages of its development."

For him mind did not evolve from matter: matter, like mind, is sentient, a part of shaping Nature (*natura naturans*), proceeding according to the Law of Polar Logic, wherein—so far as I can tell—opposites are not contraries. Moreover (and this is, I think, an example of Polarity), man becomes man both by individuation and through society. I do not wish to attempt here any real summary of Coleridge, or even of Mr. Barfield's summary of Coleridge. My point is rather that in Coleridge we have a long unsuspected (or only just suspected) key to the thinking of an increasingly influential group of men—barring Tolkien, perhaps, on whom Coleridge's influence resolves itself chiefly into the distinction between primary and secondary creation—and that it will require all the help Mr. Barfield and Professor Reilly can give us to turn the key.

Probably it would be best to read Professor Reilly's book first, even though it lies at one additional remove from the source. (It is, incidentally, a very good study: Walter Hooper, who is C. S. Lewis' literary executor, tells me he thinks it quite the best book done yet on the Inklings. I find it weakest on Tolkien.) Though Mr. Barfield's study of Coleridge is, in Professor Reilly's words, "not only worth seeing but worth going to see," it is Professor Reilly's own study that makes it relatively easy for us to see it. Owen Barfield's idiosyncratic mind and style are not the stuff of common reading.



Yet *What Coleridge Thought* ought to be read and pondered as few other books that have been or (I venture) will be published in this decade. For we should not, like the Ancient Mariner, slay any source of our enlightenment, even by neglect, and we have much to learn from Coleridge, in politics no less—even more—than poetry, if only we can penetrate the depths of his thought. If we do not penetrate those depths, if we use him only as a source for a few convenient quotations and the idea, it may be, of the nation as church, we do neither ourselves nor assuredly him the justice Mr. Barfield's work would have us do.

And it is pleasant to have an introduction to Mr. Barfield as well. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TO BE YOUNG IN BABYLON, *by Tom Seligson (Paperback Library, 237 pp., $1.25).* Author also of *The High School Revolutionaries,* Tom Seligson reveals in this confused jumble of politics and literature his two distinct talents. He is first a fine writer about his generation and just below that, capable of telling a story with precision, intensity and power, sustaining interest in his subjects and himself. Like his friend Dotson Rader, who provides the hyperbolic cover blurb ("simply the best book yet written on young America!"), Mr. Seligson is far more than just another "New Left" screamie. He uses words as they are meant to be used—to move thoughts from place to place, and people from thought to action. But Tom Seligson's other distinct talent is his unerring ability to screw up his own story by plastering it over with his unnumerable hates: his Jewish hatred of WASPs; young hatred of the old; Yankee hatred of Southerners; activist hatred of reflective non-active thinkers; male chauvinist hatred of women (he'd deny this, of course, but all they're good for in *Babylon* is sex and revolution); blackophile's hatred of "Negroes"; radical-chicquiste's hatred of Middle Americans; ersatz proletarian's hatred of his "*real* enemy—the Nixons, the Buckleys, and the bosses and corporate owners"; utopian's hatred of reality; Don Juan's hatred of impotence (hence his repeated descriptions of scoring); and most explicitly, on just about every page, his middle-class white hatred of self—thus the ruptured aortas for every Indian, criminal, Negro, kid, tramp, wino, "oppressed radical" he can find. What a waste of writing skills, this first-rate prose for such dismal purposes. D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE WORLD WINE ATLAS, *by Hugh Johnson (Simon & Schuster, 272 pp., $22.95 until March 15, 1972; $25 thereafter).* Most Americans—including most educated Americans—know very little about wine; and those who wish to learn more are invariably put off by the pedantry that marks most books on the subject. The budding oenophiliac, who lacks the time and the money to devote an entire year to wine tasting, will find Mr. Johnson's useful handbook to be of the greatest possible interest. It is a book for the initiate, and *not* the expert, and is full of information that will aid novices in selecting the right wine for the right occasion. And while Mr. Johnson devotes much of his space to such elementary problems as how to drink and keep wine, he does not talk down to his reader. He describes the wine-making art in great detail, and augments his analysis with numerous maps and charts, detailing vineyard arrangements, soil analysis and geography. The beginner will find it to be a useful preface to André Simon's classic *Wines of the World,* which will undoubtedly be his next step after reading Johnson's work. The book is sumptuously illustrated with color photographs and prints, and includes a fascinating assortment of wine labels. The book's best section is devoted quite naturally to French wines, but we are also treated to an excellent survey of the great wines of Portugal, Italy and Spain. Johnson's analysis of the viticulture of Eastern Europe, Africa, Australia and America is a bit skimpy, but he does an adequate job on the wines of these areas. Aside from being packed with information, the book will nicely decorate any coffee table.

P. P. WITONSKI

BLACK AND WHITE IN SOUTH AFRICA, THE POLITICS OF SURVIVAL, *by G. H. L. Le May (American Heritage Press, 127 pp., $4.95).* A surprisingly comprehensive survey of the history of South Africa in brief compass. Not uncritical, but no hysteria and much objectivity. Handsomely and informatively illustrated. E. B. MEYER

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Arts & Manners

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Excuses— and a Journal

Your incorruptible judges have met to judge the Third Annual Delectations Contest, which asked competitors to submit a minimum of two Glorious Excuses which would exonerate them from some sin or crime. The judges were both sad and happy with the results—sad because the number of entries was small compared with the large number sent in for previous contests; happy, nay, exultant to learn that *NR* readers lead such sinless and crimeless lives that the need for glorious excuses simply does not arise.

When we had fully grasped this, your judges raised their glasses toasting the moral strength and blameless character of our readers.

This contest, like the others, also proved that *NR* readers are literate and neat, and that they care to use good quality writing paper. Those who did not type wrote very clearly, as I am again happy to report. Skoal again!

The first prize, *Edward G. Robinson's World of Art*, goes to Donna Tourtellotte of Coral Gables, Florida for: 1) "President Nixon's excuse for his trip to Red China: The Devil made him do it." 2) "A liberal's excuse for sending his child to a private school: a) he believes in busing, or b) it is in his neighborhood." Second prize of *1927: The Picture Story of a Wonderful Year* goes to Scott Huddleston, Lakewood, Colorado for: 1) "My father is an apopletic, my mother is a proselyte and my younger brother is unconstitutional." 2) "I thought God was the man at Yale!" Third prize of *Borland Country* goes to Arthur W. Dulemba Jr. of Stamford, Connecticut for: 1) "It was an idea whose time had come!" and 2) "I read it in the *New York Times*!" The booby prize of *Fake*, by Clifford Irving, is awarded to Elliot Capon, Brooklyn, N.Y. for "I didn't do my homework last night because we had a blackout and I couldn't use my electric pencil." Honorable Mention to Ann R. Harding, Salisbury, Connecticut for 1) "Plea of the Kennedy boy found cheating at Harvard: I always thought imitation the sincerest form of flattery" and 2) "Plea of the man arrested for nudism as he was about to board the first passenger ship for the moon: We brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out." A Special Mention to Alan Emanuel, Anaconda, Montana (and the only untidy contestant) for: "This year, I'm not going to enter your contest: It's obvious I can't win because I didn't have enought money to bribe your incorruptible judges."

Better Food

CRAIG CLAIBORNE is the former food editor of the *New York Times*, whose knowledge of food, integrity about same and grace of writing brought incomparable and inimitable luster to that newspaper. His cookbooks, especially the *New York Times Cookbook*, the *New York Times Menu Cookbook* and the recently published *New York Times International Cookbook*, have brought happiness and harmony into countless homes, including those of my two sons, whose wives learned to cook from Mr. Claiborne's books, to the joy of their husbands and friends. Craig, a friend of many years, retired from the *Times* last year in order to devote himself to the pursuit of happiness in East Hampton, Long Island, as well as to his private culinary interests, which include a forthcoming, definitive Chinese cookbook.

The newest Claiborne project is a six-page, twice-monthly newsletter which will contain detailed menus and recipes; explore the world of wine and contain reviews of restaurants both throughout the United States (including Galena, Illinois) and around the world (including all of Japan's restaurants). The newsletter, called "The Craig Claiborne Journal," is classily produced with fine printing and clear layout to match the text. As for the recipes, I wish to say without any qualification whatsoever that Craig Claiborne is the clearest and easiest-to-follow recipe writer of them all and that all his recipes are thoroughly tested. The "Journal" is a joint enterprise with Craig's friend, Pierre Franey, the *great* chef who made Soulé's Pavilion great in its days of glory. Not that Craig is a mean hand at the stove; he is the only food editor I know of who had professional chef's training at the world famous hotel and restaurant school in Lausanne. The course is four years, and Craig used his GI money to take it. Other things to appear in the "Journal" are a unique dictionary of French gastronomy which will contain recipes plus the origin of hundreds of dishes commonly found on French menus as well as gastronomic interviews, best sources for foods and, of course, recipes, tips and more information to make anybody an excellent cook because it is *fun* to cook.

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"The Craig Claiborne Journal" is available at $36 a year for a twice-monthly six-page issue. To subscribe, send a check or money order payable to The Craig Claiborne Journal, Box EEEE, East Hampton, N.Y. 11937. Don't forget to give your exact address and zip code. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Vintage '71: Orange-aid

Ever since the Arabs decided that ten made a nice basis for counting—or maybe since Moses got The Word, from Him, in ten parts—film critics have dutifully handed down their annual Ten Best lists. Why, I don't quite know. Here are the fifteen most notable films of the year, from one man's perspective. (An asterisk indicates that I reviewed the film in these pages.)

Blood and guts sloshed across the 1971 screen in six fine movies. The most imaginative, Stanley Kubrick's *Clockwork Orange*, is also the most repulsive, eons removed from Jadorowsky's hideous *El Topo**, but still a film nurbling—I fall into the newspeak of Anthony Burgess' novel, upon which Kubrick based his film—in ultra-violence horror show, out of which we are supposed to (and do) "vedee"—see—the conflict between evil free will and state Pavlovian-induced supergood determinism in a new light. Malcolm McDowell's Alex is an unforgettable character, undergoing experiences in Burgess' astutely satirical socialized paradise of the future which easily confirm one's preference for what we've got now.

*The French Connection**: cops, heroin smugglers, Manhattan as Jungletown; *not* the hardhat's bedtime story, whatever the pig-haters say. Nor is *Dirty Harry*, the most effective dissection on film of the fallacies in dat ole ruptured-aorta approach to crime. Clint Eastwood as jut-jawed San Francisco cop Harry Callahan hunts down a maniacal killer, and asks a nasty question: What deserves first priority—protection of the innocent citizenry, or adherence to every jot and tittle of the fiend-criminal's procedural rights? The answer has the *New Yorker*'s Pauline Kael, currently suffering from one of her yearly Aren't The Right-Wingers Just Awful periods, calling *Harry* "deeply immoral." Don't believe it.

*The Conformist** delineates the fascist mentality with chilling accuracy, showing better than any ten documentaries how just plain folks (Italians in this case) become apparatchiks of evil regimes. *McCabe and Mrs. Miller** is the West they didn't teach us about in school; Julie Christie and Warren Beatty coming to their grisly appointed ends in a turn-of-the-century Pacific Northwest of incomparable beauty and wanton slaughter. *Straw Dogs* asks: Can the timid intellectual find manhood as the killer of five English townie-rapist-hoods who violated his wife and would like to play Vigilante Justice with the halfwit the intellectual is sheltering? Sam Peckinpah brings out another convincing demonstration of Dustin Hoffman's excellence as an actor, and Susan George looks sufficiently rape-worthy to fit the role.

NOSTALGIA, like sediment, sinks to the bottom of the bottle, and most consciously nostalgic films are the dregs. A few '71 flicks, however, evinced the dewey-eyed syndrome with better than average results. Federico Fellini's *The Clowns** is his least arty, most compelling film, a pleasant ramble through, around and behind the big tent, not stretched one inch beyond good entertainment. *Fiddler on the Roof**, or How America Got Her Russian Jews: the czar chased them out, taking political cheap-shots at them to deflect attention from internal grumblings that the authorities could not otherwise stifle. *The Last Picture Show*: overrated by many critics, but still the best peek at the 1950s in many years. Peter Bogdonavich has carried his crew back to flatland north Texas (oh little town of Anarene), recreating its dreariness and pulling remarkable performances out of a half-dozen actors, notably Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges as the two high-school buddies growing reluctantly to maturity.

When was the last time you laughed at the movies, really guffawed—when, that is, nobody was having his eyes gouged out? Woody Allen's *Bananas** and Milôs Forman's *Taking Off** stand alone as *echt* comedies this past year, each carrying its audience into flights of fancy almost unknown these days in American movies. *Bananas* leaps off into Madness Gulch, while *Taking Off* hangs on to plausibility by a thread, but both are laugh-filled winners.

Notable unclassifiables round out this little list. Boccaccio might not *quite* recognize his *Decameron* as Pier Paolo Pasolini has filmed it. Nor, probably, would you want the kiddies to stumble in unawares, or even awares. It is, nonetheless, a jolly good eroto-happy X-film, filled with beautiful people popping merrily in and out of bed, and catches some of the flavor of the fourteenth-century masterpiece.

Eric Rohmer gave us *Claire's Knee**, and François Truffaut, *Bed and Board**, for both of which, merci bien; incontestably luxe, each leaving memorable aftertastes. Probably the finest film of 1971 was John Schlesinger's *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, written by Penelope Gilliatt. Peter Finch as a middle-aged London Jewish physician, Glenda Jackson as a thirtyish career woman, and newcomer Murray Head as the young man they both love, who "relates" to them both in some manner just shy of true love but a good deal more than mere friendship, entwined in a bittersweet tale of compromises, painful realizations of the half-doses of happiness with which people must often, must *usually*, content themselves. □

SCENES

SOPHIE WILKINS

Ship of Cockaigne

The pleasure cruise, not so long ago a rare treat even for the rich, has grown into a notable industry burgeoning, they say, at the rate of 15 per cent per year. As if to bear out some wit's observation that the means of production for one era tend to become the toys of the next, ships and trains, former workaday necessities threatened with extinction by the airplane, are blithely converting themselves into luxury hotels that HAVE FUN, WILL TRAVEL.

To look into this, we could not have done better than to board the M/S *Sea Venture* of Flagship Cruises, Inc., for her two weeks' maiden voyage from New York to five Caribbean ports and back, December 21 to January 4. Built

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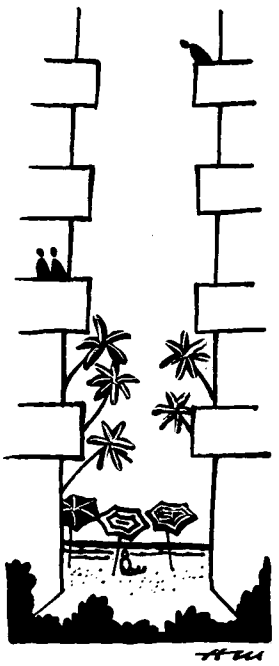
in Germany, she is the last word technologically with space-age gadgets on the bridge looking as though made to run the ship without interference from obsolete organisms. The architectural scheme makes for a sense of sheltered intimacy even in the public areas, without loss of spaciousness. Each of the many activities going on simultaneously seems to its participants to be the only game on board, thanks especially to some acoustical magic that (for instance) enabled me to play opera cassettes in my cabin without a sound reaching my neighbors, and two large loud bands from Barbados the night we docked there to play simultaneously in two adjacent lounges without one set of "sounds" encroaching on the other. The appointments throughout are of an unassertively luxurious simplicity; the design makes for a happy blend of comfort and elegance.

The dates, encompassing the Christmas to New Year's school holidays, meant that whole families could take the trip in a well-staffed home away from home, where three generations could enjoy themselves together in a singularly unburdened, frictionless way. The predominance of couples and families, instead of the expected uneasy mix of retired elders with a large number of hopeful young women but seldom single young men to go around, created a pleasant sense of a balanced community life. From early risers' coffee on the top sundeck to the copious midnight buffet after the late movie or dancing, activities from religious services to racetrack (simulated) gambling (real), lessons in bridge or social dancing, slide-lectures on places en route, entertainments live or on film (among them Matthau in *Kotch*, George C. Scott in *The Last Run*), age-graded programs for the young, games, competitions, parties; not to forget the two swimming pools, sauna, gym, free movie cameras (use of, by Fuji), kept everyone so involved that even the occasional loner could always find a whole deserted deck among the nine accessible by elevator, on which to luxuriate in a deckchair with a view of sparkling blue infinities, a book or cassette player, either wrapped in sunset-colored blankets or sunning in a tasteful figleaf or two. The weather obliged in every way, even unto a full moon silvering a serene winter sea the last nights of the voyage.



IMAGINE a floating village-de-luxe with ballet-style peasants continually swarming out of the wings in a peacock parade of costumes for a gala celebration of Christmas-to-New Year's. Meals and collations were served to all four hundred or so, about seven times a day. Menus with brilliant color reproductions of such exotica as a church fresco from Haiti, a Roman galley, Bermudan heraldic crests, all printed on expensive glossy stock, offered an abundant variety of everything including such gourmet treats as reindeer steak (pinkish, tender, in a brown glaze, slighty bitter in taste) and flaming baked Alaska borne aloft by a long procession of waiters-in-white winding through the immensities of the darkened dining-room, spreading as they went the sweet aroma of burning meringue to recharge the glutted appetite.

Reality could not more closely approach that medieval child's utopia, the Land of Cockaigne or *Schlaraffenland* where, once you had passed the indispensable qualifying ordeal by eating your way through a mountain of porridge, the roasted squabs would come flying toward your lazily opening lips, cherry trees would bend succulently freighted branches to where your head was pillowed on a grassy knoll, and if you chose to take a stroll for your digestion, rivers of milk and wine would meander after you, just in case.

Of the five ports we touched for a day or half a day, to swim, shop, see the sights, the first was Curaçao. What with noticing some Greek Line ships which had preceded us, the famous pontoon bridge, swung aside to let us pass into the harbor, irresistibly suggested the long bottom shelf of Jacqueline Onassis' clothes closet, with three hundred pairs of her size 9 slippers protruding beneath it in a neatly spaced lineup. Next in impressiveness was the vast groundcover of Shell Oil tanks interspersed with tall chimneys spewing black smoke, even on Sunday, December 26. At the Hilton there's an all-glass elevator with an unique vertically mobile view of a scenic beach complete with sportive dolphins. Thoughtlessly deciding that it would be a shame to leave Curaçao without one, I piously purchased a bottle of its eponymous product. Our dedicated guide, Al Cooper, managed to procure it, even on Sunday—but not without his having to whittle the asking price down from an outrageous $17 to a low, low $6 which I paid. On St. Thomas, this bottle sells for $3.75; but there I also paid $4.50 for a Grand Marnier which cost only $3.90 on Barbados, where the Curaçao might accordingly have cost me just half of what I paid. Therefore, my hypnotized reader, DO NOT BUY YOUR CURACAO ON CURACAO, for the same reason that the shoemaker's children go barefoot. And that's enough about shopping, right?

In Barbados on December 28 it was a stupefying 95 degrees and I overslept the best landing time. Martinique felt like Paris after Newark; it was the only island that did not bother to send a delegation of prominents to a reception on board the new cruise ship, and the only one where I would gladly have lingered awhile; instead, we sailed at 4 P.M. In San Juan friends took me to the ballet: Jacques d'Amboise and Melissa Hayden in the *Nutcracker*. On St. Thomas I divided by time between shopping (the hectic last-minute kind) and trying to reach by phone an old friend who was out looking for me at the dock, where we finally met just an hour before sailing time, again at 4 P.M. A hard leave-taking!

But the hardest leave-taking of all was the final one, from the *Sea Venture*. It was, among other things, the only place I had ever seen so many youngsters being so consistently decorative and never noisy or obstreperous—a welcome unnaturalness I must ascribe to the cruise staff directed by Phil Braxton and Anne Dixon. So it is only right to let a child have the last word. It actually ended, by breaking up, the question period following Phil's final briefing of the passengers, on landing and going through customs in New York, when a wistful little voice piped up: "When is the ship sailing again?" □

Sophie Wilkins, *a New York City writer and publisher's editor, saw Edgar Smith's* Brief against Death *into print. . . .* **Nika Hazelton** *reports soon from Texas.*

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culation." The implication here is of deliberate decisions. The truth, pointed out later in the article, is that Professor Friedman and others advocate "tamper-proof" mechanisms. Witonski's misleading comments on post-Keynesian fiscal economists and Friedman's negative income tax are similarly handled; they are not incorrect, but neither are they the whole story.

Gainesville, Fla. JOHN D. PALMER

Rock: Dead or Alive?

I *did* listen to "American Pie"—all eight minutes of it; and I *was* in high school in the Eisenhower years. And I *still* say rock was dead before it began. But if C. H. Simonds ["The Day the Music Died (Again)," Feb. 18] finds the lyrics to "American Pie" meaningful, fine. I'll even accept his discussing the satisfaction he gets out of listening to good contemporary rock musicians.

But when he says "Rock and country-western are the only living music going these days," this is past the limits of my tolerance.

Isn't *anything* in classical music, any new creative effort, living? *All* recent operas or symphonic works are dead?

And what of music for the theater? *Company*—Sondheim and Tunick combined to give us music that is alive for me any day. "Knowing When To Leave" in *Promises, Promises* is a masterpiece in contemporary popular-music tempos.

I have a record collection filled with contemporary popular music and jazz. Is Mr. Simonds going to tell me I must consider my splendid collection full of dead music? The mind boggles.

Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. JANET HERRING

Bricker Amendment

It is curious that John Kaplan ["Vindication of John Bricker," Dec. 17], whose credentials as an expert on drug legislation are unimpeachable, should mount his attack on the "Vienna Protocol" [sic] on Psychotropic Substances with a Bricker Amendment argument that the treaty will override American domestic law. Although Brickerites can certainly find things to complain about in this treaty, domestic legislation has been drafted and will be passed before the treaty will be implemented.

The real questions are whether the control of psychotropic substances is the sort of thing that *should* be turned over to an international body; if so, whether U.S. interests are properly protected. Mr. Kaplan is correct in saying that the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1961 has been unsuccessful in controlling the supply of opiates, cocaine and marijuana. But he ignores the fact that the Single Convention and its predecessor treaties have helped bring the *legal* manufacture of certain dependence-producing drugs under systematic control and supervision. This what's-in-it-for-us analysis also overlooks the fact that although the Single Convention has obviously not had much impact on the supply of heroin in the U.S., a number of other nations suffering from the spread of mind-altering drugs are of the opinion that Single Convention-type controls on psychotropics are important, if not essential.

Mr. Kaplan poses some rather convincing hypotheticals to prove that we may not always get our way on individual drug-control decisions under the Vienna Convention. The theoretical risks are considerable, but the practical dangers are not. Weighted majority voting and the right of nonacceptance of certain controls give considerable protection against an unacceptable decision, and the principal Administration argument is essentially correct—that our domestic law already controls (more rigorously) the drugs mentioned in the Convention. The United States and U.S. experts have historically taken the lead internationally in drug control and will undoubtedly continue to do so by suggesting, rather than opposing, the addition of new substances to the schedules of the Convention.

Political disaster, contrary to what Mr. Kaplan says, was the likely result if the United States had *not* supported the principal control measures of the Convention. What the Administration *really* cares about is stiffening controls on opium (heroin), and it considered that little if any cooperation could be expected from those countries involved in the production of, or traffic in, opium and heroin if the U.S. did not support a strong treaty on psychotropic substances.

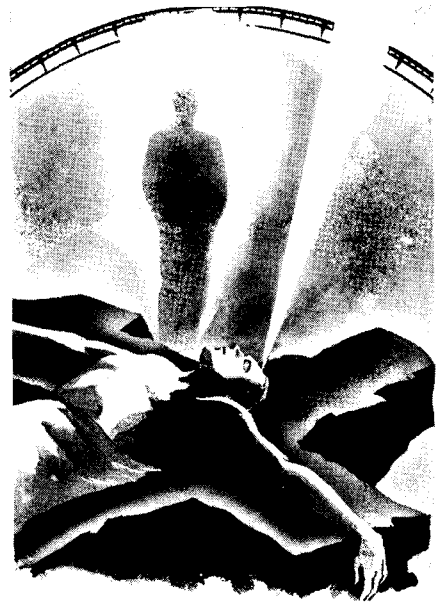
Harrison, Va. LAWRENCE H. HOOVER JR.

Gold Standard?

Regarding Henry Hazlitt's "The New Mercantilism" [Jan. 21], I would like to make just four brief points. 1) Mr. Hazlitt is doubtless correct in noting that the current patched-together international monetary agreement is no permanent solution to the problem. The pressures of inflation will surely cause monetary crises under this arrangement in the future. 2) Mr. Hazlitt is also correct in stating that there is no longer any reason for prohibiting private holding of gold. But, 3) for a variety of reasons, it is politically unlikely that the world will ever return to a true gold standard. Therefore, 4) we should push instead for the best feasible alternative to the current mess: floating exchange rates. If exchange rates are set by market forces, it is unlikely that the pressures that caused the international monetary crisis will build up again. Instead, differing rates of currency inflation would be reflected directly in the money market.

Tacoma, Wash. MICHAEL VESETH

A SPLIT SECOND IN ETERNITY



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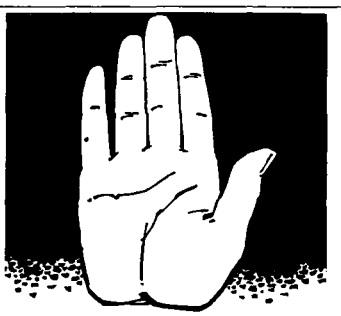
JICINSKI
(Continued from page 286)

spect of the nation. Some subsist on their wives' salaries, or accept outright handouts given them under various guises by their many friends and sympathizers in the cultural apparatus. The Party is naturally against such "unprincipled charities." As one of its stalwarts says in *Rude pravo*: "I am afraid . . . we ourselves are subsidizing all those elitists, members of all sorts of militant coordination committees and other rightist hawks so that they can continue in their defiance and their underground activities." By "we" he means Party members. And he is right that passive resistance is so widespread and the people so united in dislike of the Soviets and their puppet regime, that Husak would have to fire almost everybody in the arts and sciences to stop this collusion between the "official" cultural apparatus and the cultural underground.

The invasion took few lives, but those it took were the young, armed not with stones but with pieces of chalk, chalk to write on walls—the arms of the spirit. This spirit has to be destroyed by every means available—but it has not died.

The Prague Spring came again last year. It is now simply a music festival that once lent its name to a political event. The festival traditionally opens with Bedrich Smetana's tone poems, *Ma vlast* (*My Country*). Traditionally, too, the composition whose tone poems are based on events in Czechoslovakian history receives a workmanlike if uninspired interpretation from the Prague Philharmonic. But last year the Philharmonic performed *Ma vlast* as if it had been specially composed for the occasion. It poured the fire of defiance into *Tabor*, a piece celebrating the rebels of the Czech Reformation, and it put the power of the myth into *Blanik*, the last poem of the cycle. *Blanik* is the mountain where, according to legend, a legion of knights resides that will come to save the country at its moment of greatest danger. The performance got a standing ovation from the audience and raves from West European critics. A functionary hastily explained to the press that no demonstration was intended. The festival, he said, always opens with *Ma vlast*, everything was absolutely normal. But in spite of the cultural Death Valley imposed by the Russians, we get the message—the Spirit of Prague Spring is alive and well in the underground. □



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SCOBIE
(Continued from page 280)

We saw Angela at home, Angela at the Malcolm X center, Angela smoking a clay pipe, reading a book, lighting one Gauloise after another. We saw Angela on the university steps, with Jane Fonda by her side and Professor Kalish beaming like a mad bishop as he wandered among the rather thin crowd; and in the background, prowling to and fro, back and forth across the acres of white concrete behind the speakers, the intense young Jonathan Jackson.

Miss Davis has the message off pat: She has mastered the jargon, and no trace of objectiveness is permitted as she sings her song. On the rare occasions when her mouth is closed, a welter of sound-over revolutionary rhetoric pours forth, intercut with shots of police-Panther shootouts and suchlike. (It is a variation on an ancient theme: "Woe to the shepherds who feed themselves, but feed not their flocks." But she would not know that.) The documentary ends as it began, with sonorous quotations from the letters of George Jackson: "We reckon all time in the future from the day of the manchild's death . . ." etc.

What is boring about Miss Davis is that she Knows. It is her favorite word. She *knows* that Nixon, Reagan and Hoover are in cahoots to kill her. She *knows* that the CPUSA is the best means of destroying the Amerikan capitalist beast which is choking the life from the black community. (Last January, she *knew* that Huey, Bobby, Ericka and others would be "railroaded

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to the electric chair"; yet they are back on the campus lecture circuit today, at $5,000 a shot.) So completely does she seem to have been programed by her Marxist mentors, here and in Europe, that no word of human doubt, confusion or dismay can pass her lips. The God That Failed is alive and smoking dope at the University of California, Los Angeles, and all the platitudes of the Thirties Communists are set out once more for the delectation of blacks. Khrushchev has not spoken, Ginzburg, Koestler, Richard Wright—the army of the disillusioned—have never written their scarifying exposures. Could Miss Davis, in time, have shaken off her romantic-revolutionary affectations and joined the ranks of dedicated, intelligent people who have been through the Communist mill?

It no longer matters much, for events have been taken out of her hands. She is now a potent symbol of black frustration and white injustice; a commodity to be peddled—the old ideological snake-oil with a beautiful new label—by the CPUSA. Gus Hall positively glows: "Tens of thousands are thinking, if Angela Davis is a Communist, maybe I also should join. . . . The reaction has been explosive! We've never had such a response from the world Communist movement."

The mesmerizing campaign of propaganda proceeds. *Portrait of a Revolutionary* is one among many similar delights. Somehow the Angela fund finds sufficient cash to stage regular benefits, offering a choice of viewing *Off the Pig*, a Panther training treat for the young, or the *Battle of Algiers*, an Italian leftist's view of the Algerian revolution, which provides handy tips on bombing and assassination.

So it goes. Bettina Aptheker secures a column in the prestigious London *Sunday Times* to publicize Miss Davis' book, of which she is part-author. In Italy and France the powerful Communist parties issue demands for formal government denunciations of Angela's imprisonment. From Moscow, the Young Pioneers, the vast Soviet youth movement in which membership is rigorously enforced, send *billet doux*: "We love you, we will set you free!" Sister Fania says that "every kid in Europe knows Angela's name by now," and heads toward Africa to ensure that no infant there is deprived of the word.

Miss Davis has given several interviews from the two cells (fitted out with radio, television, electric typewriter etc.) which she occupies. Lady reporters from Long Beach, the cameras of BBC television, the representative of *Muhammad Speaks* (the Black Muslim journal) and others have had Angela "exclusives." These consist mostly of complaints about her treatment and doctrinaire diatribes against Amerikan oppression. But there is one question that makes Miss Davis completely lose her cool. It has been raised by the ever-mischievous Eldridge Cleaver (recently nominated as "Narc of the Year" by *Rolling Stone* Magazine). Is she, perhaps, being *used* by the Communist Party?

Nail that vicious propaganda lie whenever you hear it, cries Miss Davis, who likes home truths no more than most of us.

Only a Cleaver could dare such a suggestion. The media, here as in Europe, would not dream of starting that hare.

"Trust in the fairness of American justice has been shaken," intones one of Britain's leading newspapers, for the benefit of its million or so readers, "and when Angela Davis steps into the dock, it is the American judicial system that will be on trial."

Gus Hall should initiate a Revolutionary Cliché of the Year award. It would be hotly contested. □

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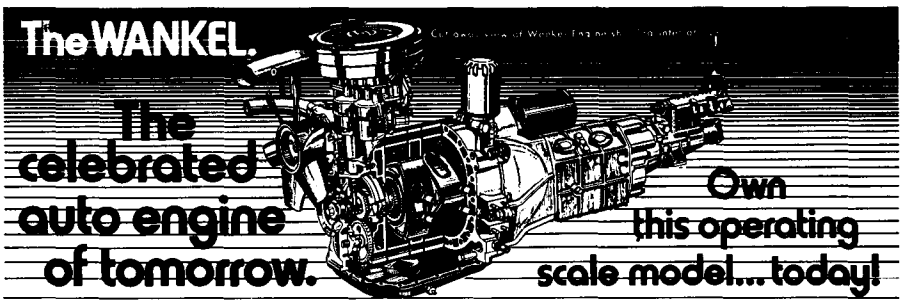

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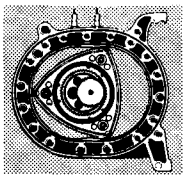

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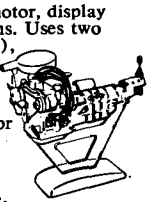

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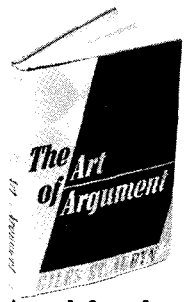

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The closing of a business because employees refuse to accept the employer's terms — 179 133 140 66 138 116 200

B. An ancient part of Italy — 24 29 51 10 84 47 128

C. Struggles vigorously — 46 38 68 12 120 196 160

D. A large labor union; the second syllable suggests prisons — 89 188 170 95 144 56 194 40 166

E. Pertaining to eating away; not caused by the god of love — 67 97 114 183 94 195 174

F. Capitalists who became wealthy through unethical means — 72 27 17 78 91 93 137 148 158 191 197 125

G. A river in Scotland, tributary to the Tweed — 87 118 171 102 180 55 187

H. Unscramble RIGHT FOR PAINS — 104 5 18 28 32 60 63 86 98 113 130 149 162

I. An admiral who was known as "Fighting Bob" — 2 36 71 88 22

J. Lifting or hauling tackle — 106 57 9 76 119 14 81

K. This root is usually eaten raw — 139 177 6 59 189 30

L. A contract in which a worker agrees not to be a union member during his employment — 61 100 178 15 42 85 73 141 147

M. What George Washington owned — 192 64 83 110 190 126 143 62 145 165

N. Hollywood's most famous animal star before Mickey Mouse — 1 121 21 184 74 33 198 107 131

O. What less than one-fourth of labor in the United States is — 13 19 49 77 8 20 151 31 53

P. A labor statute (co-authors) — 153 4 58 65 108 156 161 176 35 48

Q. Relaxing — 79 34 3 109 75 101 186 181 132

R. An 80-day period which the Taft-Hartley Act calls for — 92 39 103 135 150 175 182 52 134 41

S. A labor union that is part of Big Labor but which has comparatively few members — 99 69 82 96 111 146 16 112 90 172 185 105

T. One word in the name of the organization often called Wobblies — 124 11 26 54 127 168 193 199 37 154

U. A German pathologist, anthropologist, and political leader 1821-1902) — 129 7 43 117 169 157 70

V. The king of Libya, 1951-1969 — 159 115 44 164 142

W. A separate torn piece — 167 136 122 23 152 80

X. A county in Arizona — 123 25 173 155 50 163 45

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank spaces indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 300 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 N	2 I	3 Q	4 P	5 H	6 K	7 U	8 O	9 J		10 B	11 T	12 C	13 O	14 J		15 L	16 S	17 F
18 H	19 O		20 O	21 N	22 I	23 W	24 B	25 X	26 T		27 F	28 H		29 B	30 K	31 O		32 H	33 N
34 Q	35 P	36 I	37 T	38 C	39 R	40 D		41 R	42 L	43 U		44 V	45 X	46 C	47 B	48 P	49 O		50 X
51 B	52 R	53 O	54 T	55 G	56 D	57 J	58 P	59 K	60 H	61 L		62 M	63 H		64 M	65 P	66 A	67 E	
68 C	69 S	70 U	71 I	72 F	73 L	74 N	75 Q	76 J		77 O		78 F	79 Q	80 W	81 J	82 S	83 M	84 B	
85 L	86 H	87 G	88 I		89 D	90 S	91 F		92 R	93 F	94 E	95 D	96 S		97 E	98 H	99 S	100L	
101Q	102G	103R	104H	105S		106J	107N	108P	109Q	110M	111S		112S	113H	114E	115V	116A	117U	118G
119J	120C	121N	122W	123X		124T	125F		126M		127T	128B	129U	130H	131N	132Q		133A	134R
	135R	136W	137F	138A	139K		140A	141L	142V	143M	144D		145M	146S	147L	148F	149H	150R	151O
152W	153P		154T	155X	156P	157U	158F		159V	160C		161P	162H	163X	164V	165M	166D	167W	
168T	169U	170D	171G		172S	173X	174E	175R		176P	177R	178L	179A	180G	181Q	182R		183E	184N
185S	186Q	187G	188D	189K		190M	191F		192M	193T	194D	195E	196C	197F	198N		199T	200A	

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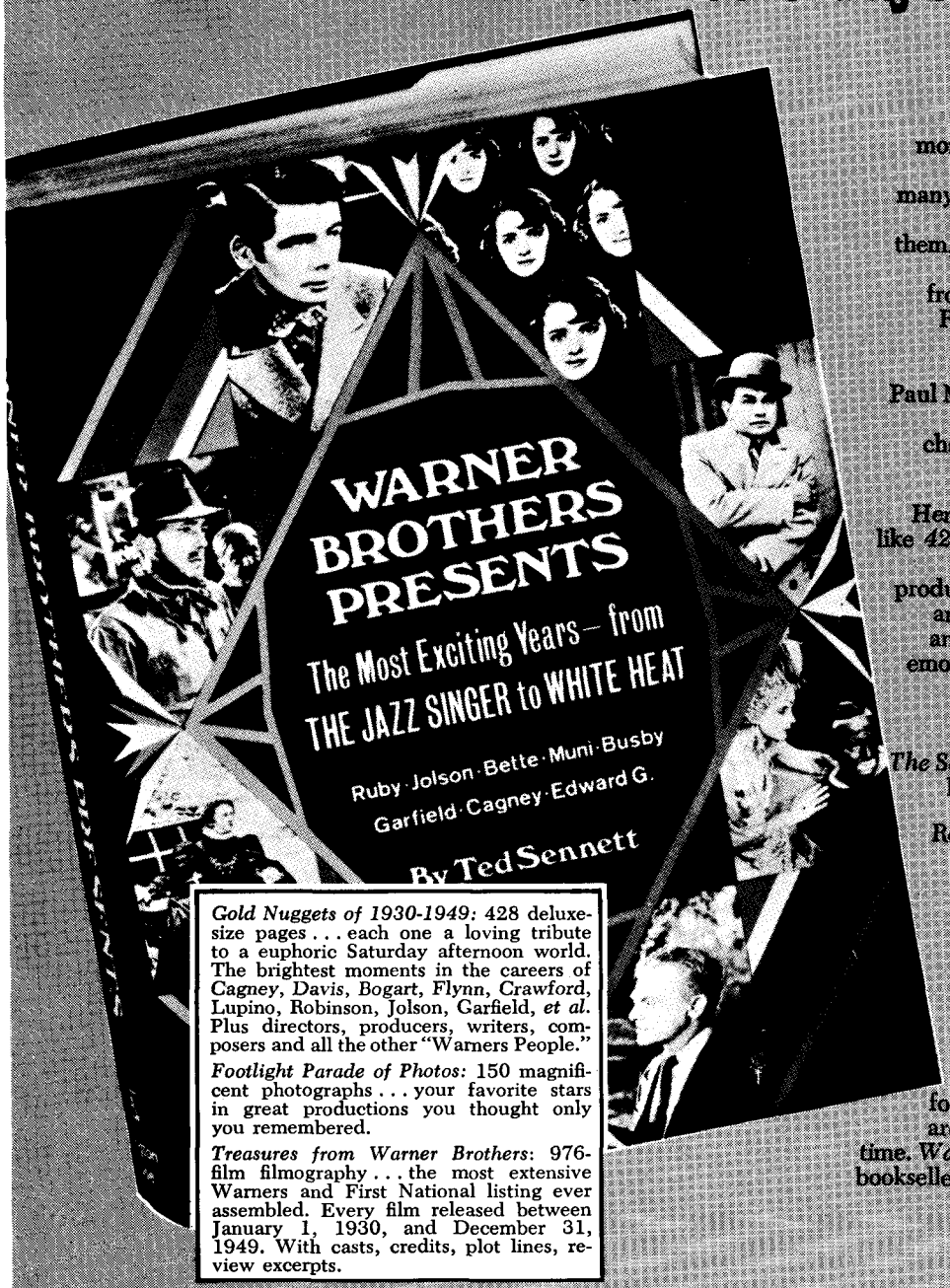
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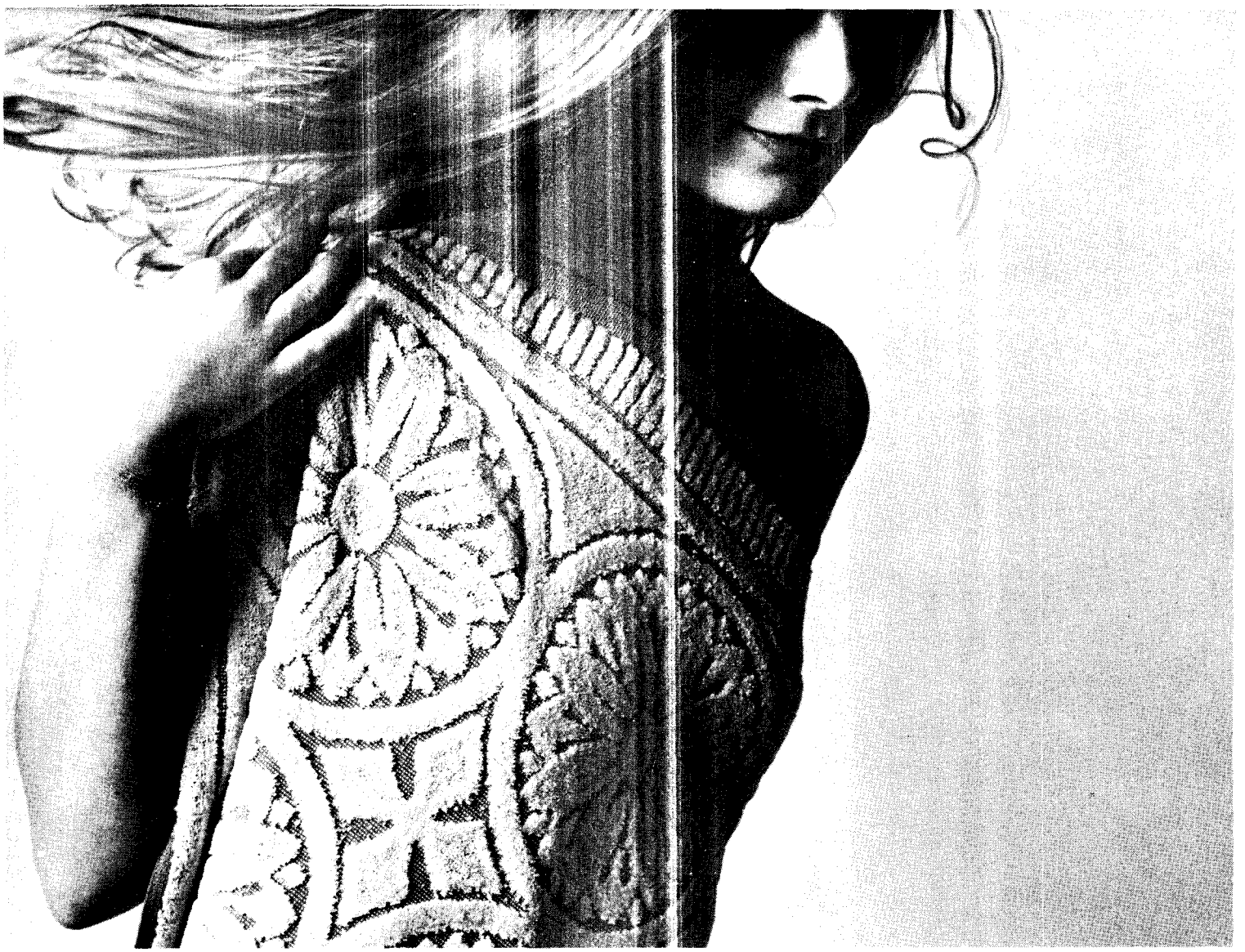

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